

THE
ANNALS OF IOWA,

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE
STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

AT
IOWA CITY.

JULY, 1874.

Davenport, Iowa:
Day, Egbert, & Fidler, Printers.

1874.

CONTENTS OF THE JULY NUMBER.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE HISTORY OF THE LOUISIANA

PURCHASE,	- - - - -	161
AMELIA BLOOMER,	- - - - -	190
EARLY TIMES IN IOWA,	- - - - -	195
NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF POTTAWATTAMIE COUNTY,	-	219
FORT MADISON,	- - - - -	236
EDITORIAL NOTES,	- - - - -	240

ANNALS OF IOWA.

VOL. XII.

IOWA CITY, JULY, 1874.

No. 3.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HISTORY OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF
IOWA, AT IOWA CITY, JUNE 29TH, 1874, ON THE OCCASION OF
THEIR SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

BY THE HON. HENRY CLAY DEAN.

GENTLEMEN OF THE IOWA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY:—Less than a half century has passed since Iowa was one grand landscape of flowers, interspersed with a mere selva of forests, diversified with beautiful streams of water, occupied by roaming tribes of Indians, and the wild beasts from which they drew their sustenance. To-day, Iowa is the granary of America, the very first in the rank of producers, growing a larger combined amount of the cereals than any other State in the Union, excepting only Illinois, which was admitted as a State in the Union, while Iowa was yet a comparatively unexplored wilderness.

History presents no parallel to the wonderful physical development and growth of your State—a growth which is developing and a development still growing. Unique in its history which is the romance of a political

philosophy that must ultimately govern the world, the marvelous growth of Iowa is but the natural reflex of her history.

The discovery of America marked a new era in the history of the world's physical existence. But infinite in its range of moral and intellectual culture and progress was the result of civilization and Liberty, the fairest, purest and most exalted of all of the daughters of religion. The right of property by discovery was abandoned in the higher doctrine that "The earth is the Lords' and the fullness thereof, and they that dwell therein." Only the great events in which truth and justice have been the arbiters, are worthy of record or remembrance among nations or men. The combinations of circumstances which gave to your State its high rank among civilized nations wears the air of romance which is at best but a feeble imitation of truth, for truth is stranger than fiction. The convulsions of the French government, our ancient and most faithful ally, gave to the Federal Union the Louisiana Territory. The great spirit of Jefferson, with the wisdom and foresight of the philosopher and statesman, sought the extension of the area of free government, choosing rather to follow the spirit than the letter of the Constitution, to acquire half a continent dedicated to self-government. The French revolution was the occasion, the missionary spirit of republican government was the cause, which made Iowa the garden of America. In the inception of the French revolution, the chief iconoclasts scarcely dreamed of the compass, extent and magnitude of their work of destruction; realizing still less of the magnificence of that superstructure of liberty, which failing in their own land, should be reared in the wilderness of an unexplored territory, nominally held by France, really occupied in common by wild beasts and savages. Atheism, growing weary of the domination of church usurpation, unfitly enough, purporting to represent, govern and transmit the simple, just and universal religion of Christ,

foolishly made war upon God, because too cowardly to assail the wrongs of the Hierarchy; ridiculed the authenticity and genuineness of Divine Revelation, which is the only guarantee of free government and the equal rights of man. This Atheism was the fountain from which the French revolution in all its stages drew its sustenance.

That which was called the church was a strange compound of the superstition, idolatry and ferocity of the old Paganism, mingled with the visionary metaphysics of the Pagan philosophers, the ceremonious formalities and gorgeous temple worship of the Jews, with the unnaturally interwoven and grossly misappropriated doctrine of Moses and the prophets, of Christ and the Apostles. This church was the mistress of Kings and Emperors, Oligarchs and Aristocrats, who invoked its authority to enslave the masses, who worshiped at its shrine, and yielded abject submission to its commands. Voltaire, though not the first to assail, was beyond all comparison the ablest of all the assailants of the authority of the church. His mode of attack was powerful and overwhelming. The object of his attack was a mistake, and therefore not enduring. Had he attacked the corruptions of the church, the Bible and Christianity would have been his invincible allies, whose conquest would have been enduring and eternal. But Voltaire chose otherwise; he attacked the Bible, ridiculed its teachings, scoffed at its authority, burlesqued in cynical ferocity its great author and His simple Apostles. The church was wounded in its vitals, but Christianity arose from the fire all the purer from its contact with the flames. Fénélon, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Saurin, Bossuet, yet live as the lights of the temple whose shekinah will burn in dazzling glory long after the fire of the sun has been quenched by weary ages. But Voltaire did his herculean task well. The corruptions of the church were held up to public scorn.

Voltaire was the sovereign of French literature, the French Ben Johnson of the Drama; the Samuel Johnson

of her criticism, inimitable in history, without comparison in versatility. His keen double-edged sword spared neither monarch nor bishop. The champion of neither doctrine, sentiments, or establishment, he made general war upon all existing things. The torch of his incendiary pen was applied to mansions, palaces, libraries, and museums; to religion, philosophy and history, indiscriminately. But in the train of the conflagration he left neither cottage nor tent in which the weary houseless traveler might find shelter from the storm, or rest to his limbs. Volney and Rousseau, each as torch bearers of the great chief, did their minor work with alacrity and suavity, without his ferocity and without his power.

Voltaire had been the companion of the German infidel King Frederick. The companion and at the same time his menial, he surrendered his own manhood for the sovereign patronage. The superior sagacity and powers of the German monarch gave to Voltaire audacity in his attack upon the French hierarchy. But the French hierarchy was the corner stone of the French monarchy. The feudal system was its citadel. The church, the military and royalty, were the trinity of tyrants, who must stand or fall together. Under the ferocious attack of Voltaire a skepticism spread everywhere through the French Empire. The people, who had no voice in the government, yet by nature born of God and ordained to self-government, combined in secret societies for self-improvement, self-government, and the protection of their families, and the right to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. These societies spread, grew in numbers, knowledge and power, until there was a government within the government stronger than the government itself.

The profligacy of the French court, the corruptions of the church, the overbearing exactions of the feudal lords, growing with enormous power, enforced their mandate with an army, cruel and remorseless in the execution of the will of the court, and exhausting the re-

sources of the industry of the country. The lords temporal, and lords spiritual, were also lords of the soil, but were exempt from taxation. The dangerous experiment of freeing any class of property or of men from taxation was fully tested in France. The universal skepticism of Voltaire was followed by the universal license of Rousseau, which infused into the mind of the French people a strange contempt for personal responsibility to law.

The French people were divided into two most dangerous and unreasonable parties: the royal party, who were the advocates of government without liberty, upon the one hand; the revolutionary party, who declared for liberty without restraint or government, upon the other hand. The conflict of authority was felt in every part of the Empire. The State's General was assembled to effect a compromise, and to secure to the people by law what they declared their rights by nature. The differences were too great to be settled amicably. The king claimed absolute power to rule by authority of God. The people asserted the right to self-government by nature, which is but the empire of God. The contest was fully inaugurated; propositions for settlement only lengthened the time, but could not change the result: only an appeal to the God of battles could settle a conflict in which nature and God were respectively invoked as authority. Long continued power grasped by the great hands of strength is soon transferred to the hands of weak men who are born in, buy or bribe their way to place and power. This is ever so in governments. Immediately after our own revolution, Washington complained of the exceeding mediocre of Congress as compared with the giants who led the van of the great struggle. The great men of the second period of the American government did not appear until the second war with Great Britain developed Clay, Webster and Calhoun. The third great American conflict developed Douglass, Lincoln, Toombs, Alexander

and Thaddeus Stevens, Seward, Chase and Sumner, with scattered great names here and there; Randolph, Pinckney and Black. In times like these mere office holding dwarfs a great part of our public men, and office seeking dwarfs or corrupts the remainder; so it was in the revolution, so will it ever be.

With the elements of conflict all in subdued commotion, there was no great leader in France to crystalize the opposition, nor was one demanded until the aggression of Louis drove the ruined people together; then the leader came forth—the great Mirabeau, son of Victor de Mirabeau. By lineage eccentric, extravagant and versatile, by birth deformed, the small-pox made him even more hideous in his childhood. Mirabeau had been driven from home, made miserable by the separation of his parents, to school. From school he was arrested under sealed *lettres de cachet* by the application of his unnatural father. His life for years was spent under the arbitrary arrests of the government, by the connivance of his father, who was fond of calling himself “the friend of man.” Mirabeau was the natural offspring of oppression. The causes of the revolution were the aggregation of his own wrongs, and his attack upon the government was the simple defense of his own rights. The people had been driven mad by oppression; their property had been squandered upon the voluptuousness, vices and cruelty of kings. Their children had been fed to armies as lambs of the flock are fed to ravenous wolves, to gratify revenge and minister to ambition. The church was the jackal of kings and armies to hunt down their prey. Endurance had wasted its powers. Human nature could bear up no longer against the combinations of the lust of power, the tyranny of kings, the oppression of the nobility, the hypocrisy of the church and the despotism of armies.

The condition of France was only different from that of an oriental despotism, as a reality is different from a sham which conceals a wrong inflicted only different

in pretense. France had no real representation. Her elections were controlled by violence and fraud. There was no trial by jury, nor any fair administration of justice. *Lettres de cachet* destroyed the security of the liberty of every person, without regard to age or sex.

The old feudal laws of remorseless execution still held the tenantry as slaves. "The predial serfs of Champagne were counted with the cattle on the estates." The nobility and clergy were exempt from taxation. Upon the farmers and laborers, with the untitled people, were laid all the burdens of church and state. General suffering prevailed; the church, the court, and the armies absorbed the money. Taxes were the only share had by the people in the government. The government ought to have been overthrown an age before. But to a people long inured to oppression, it required education to make them free. They first lose their liberty, and endure until custom and endurance destroy their love of liberty, then generations follow who have lost even the knowledge of liberty.

Mirabeau came opportunely. He denounced the king, and was therefore called a rebel. He hurled anathemas at the corruptions of the church, and demanded the confiscations of vast estates, wrested from the people, and was therefore denounced as an infidel and repudiator of vested rights. When the king threatened the personal safety of the members of the Convention, Mirabeau moved that the violation of the personal safety of any of the members of that body should be accounted worthy of death, and met the throne at the threshold of its power to defy it, and but for the graceful submission of the king, Mirabeau would have been an outlaw. And so it was and is, and ever shall be, that men long treated as outlaws become outlaws. Why should it be otherwise? Men owe no allegiance to government which offers them no protection. Such is the nature of the contract. Our allegiance is thus founded. "We love God because he first loved us."

The magazine, dry and well filled with powder, was carefully placed beneath the French throne. Mirabeau went forth with the torch and applied it. The explosion was that of a volcano heaving up its burning lava only to explode again and again and again, until throne, government, church, state and liberty were alike enveloped in its flames. The eloquence of Mirabeau, strange compound of the divine and infernal, struck down the feudal system. The divine right of kings and special privileges of the nobility fell at the same blow. At the command of his voice feudal parchments were strewed over the House of the General Convention by feudal lords, who sought security for their lives in the surrender of the estates upon which servants were kept poor and starving. Lords surrendered their immemorial privileges. The church gladly gave up its property and relinquished her titles in consideration for their safety. The king surrendered his prerogatives, and the people secured their natural right to religious liberty. All this without the shedding of blood. What Mirabeau would have done with life prolonged, death has left a mystery. The loss of Mirabeau, the orator of the Christian era, gave assurance to the nobility, inspired the king with fresh courage, and left the people without a leader given to command.

After Mirabeau came Danton, Marat, and Robespierre, the triune fiends of the revolution. The first, of coarse eloquence, courage, and cruelty, hurried on by his own passions to the guillotine, already clotted with the blood of his victims, innocent and guilty; old men and beautiful maidens, alike the victims of his sanguinary cruelty. Marat, the empyric, who readily changed his vocation of murder by medicines, to murder by law; a wild beast let loose upon society, clothed with official power, came to his end by the well directed dagger of Charlotte Corday.

Robespierre, who had led Louis to the block; the learned idiot, the hypocritical monster, who paraded his condescending discovery that God has some limited share in the governments of men, carried on this murderous

crusade against law, order, religious liberty, and human rights, until the retributive justice of God arrested his murderous career, and mingled his base, wicked blood with that of the tens of thousands who had perished by his murderous hand. The Convention, which first assembled to assure to the people their natural rights and to secure liberty, was now an assembly of the representative assassins of Europe, establishing law for the ratification of murder, rapine and robbery.

Then came Bonaparte to disperse the Convention. He upon whom eulogies and denunciation, poetry and rhetoric, criticism and essays, the decrees of sovereign councils, the anathemas of churches, and combination of armies, were showered with indiscrimination, came to give relief to the people from the horrors they had visited upon themselves. A foreigner, who had cultivated the ambition and love of liberty of his Roman ancestry; a stranger, wandering from the military schools of France in shabby clothing, hungry and careworn, he had worked his way into the army, from the army to victory. He won his first laurels in the home of his fathers; he overran Italy with the soldiers who had been holding France in terror for a full decade, and utilized in conquest the elements which had made Paris hideous with anarchy. From Italy to Africa his sunburnt soldiers bore the colors of the land of Charlemagne to the tomb of the Pharaohs, and were inspired with the sublime suggestion of their leader that forty centuries looked down from the summits of the pyramids to witness their prowess and approve their valor.

From Egypt, Napoleon returned to France, first a soldier of fortune, then first consul holding the destiny of France in his grasp, with the thrones and dynasties of Europe trembling at his tread. Napoleon was at heart a friend to civil and religious liberty. So had he been reared. Great, broad, deep, and profound, he instinctively despised the narrow views and absurd theories of the monarchists claiming authority of God to govern the

people, and profoundly condemned the mysterious mummeries and senseless trappings of the church and the court. Like Mirabeau and Jefferson, Napoleon was a sloven who would in undressing toss his hat in one corner of the room and his boots in another. To such a man, always expressing his contempt for fops and dandies, the popinjays who hang around courts would have no attractions.

Napoleon feared for the destiny of the French people. Their education had made the monarchy and hierarchy part of their existence. The well doing people could see no safety outside of the monarchy. The religious people could hope for salvation only through the establishment of the church. Dark and gloomy as were the storms passing over the land, far above the storm, immortality and eternal life glowed through the black bosom of the clouds, and the hopes of their children and the homes of their fathers shone out clear as the sunlight and beautiful as perpetual spring, beckoning them upward and onward to realms of light.

The kingdom of France was no longer. The republic of France was reeling to and fro like a drunken man. All Europe dreaded the revolutionary heresies of the National Assembly far more than they dreaded the horrible massacres of the revolution; for all despotism are temples reared upon human slavery and cemented with blood, whose richest music are the groans, sighs and agonies of oppression and its consequent suffering. Napoleon trembled for the French colonies, French possessions, and French dependencies, especially those of America. The Canadas in the north had been wrested from France by England with the aid of the colonies.

San Domingo had never added to either the wealth or the glory of the French people, who of all civilized people are the least cosmopolitan in their habits. Their devotion is their mountains, valleys, sea home of France. France had never reproduced her own greatness in America, as the kingdom of Great Britain has done in

her colonies. Bonaparte dreaded the necessity of the transportation of armies to the western shores of the Atlantic. His experience in Egypt had been unfavorable to sea fighting, and Bonaparte was eminently a hero of land rather than sea forces. The necessity of the defence of the great Mississippi country was exceedingly probable, with the Canadas in the north. Her possessions in the West India Islands would afford the British a stronghold in the south. The relations of France to Spain were equally delicate. Even then there was a contemplated alliance between Great Britain and Spain against the French, and Spain held Mexico, with all of Spanish America, Cuba, and Florida. The hope of regaining the colonies had not yet lost its hold upon British ambition. To hold the Louisiana Territory in the conflicts of the Napoleonic wars, then fully planned in the great ambition of the first Consul, was deemed problematic. The French people knew of the Mississippi country not more than the recent generation know of the unexplored mountains of the moon. The very recollection of the Mississippi was naturally enough associated with John Law's Mississippi bubble, which had burst in ruin over the heads of the French people but little more than half a century before. The Mexicans, Americans, Spaniards, British or French had no conception of the extent, wealth and resources of this wonderful country. But Napoleon finally concluded to strip for the contest and conquest of the most enlightened continent of the globe, and throw off every weight, and placed in market a territory of greater extent and magnificence than all the coveted kingdoms of Europe, distributed among his kindreds.

No people ever enjoyed religious liberty, who did not first secure civil liberty, to protect it. The rights of conscience, sacred in themselves, are ripened by culture, and naturally seek their own defence. He who hath not a cultivated conscience, which comes of a cultivated mind, will care little for the rights of conscience.

The colonization of North America was the re-peopling of another Eden with societies well lettered and independent in their modes of thought, which begat a keen conscientiousness—convictions for which their fathers suffered death in Europe, and in defence of which they imperiled their lives upon the altar of liberty, and poured out their blood like water spilled upon the ground. The American colonies were penal prisons for certain criminals of the parent government in Europe. But the crimes for which they were transported were those bold, divine virtues of too pure and of too rich and rank a growth to flourish on the soil of a despotism, under the shadow of thrones.

The crime of “worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience;” the crime of “obeying God rather than man;” the crime of rejecting the doctrine of “the divine right of kings;” the crime of despising “base submission to unjust laws;” the crime of resisting the slavish doctrine of passive obedience;” the crime of refusing to join in throne worship—king worship—man worship or hero worship.

Breasting the billows of the ocean and keeping time to the music of its storms, with their songs of liberty and religion, these brave people, banished by government, or exiling themselves to the protection of heaven, under the guaranty of their natural rights, came to people and cultivate a continent. They contemplated with faith, patience, and fortitude, the ultimate establishment of an enlightened republican government; a special corporation under the government of nature and of God, under the supreme law of our being, that all men are born free and equal, and have certain inalienable rights.

They adopted these maxims, clear as the sun, beautiful as the firmament, and enduring as the Deity; an essential element of the manhood of man; an immortality which shall glow with splendor long after the fire of the sun has died out, and “the elements have melted with fervent heat.” “All the just power of govern-

ment are derived from the consent of governed." "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." "Equal and exact justice to all men and especial privileges to none." "All power is inherent in the people."

These people were scattered over the ocean frontier of a continent, surrounded by savages, attacked at their labor by wild beasts, and treading through a wilderness of venomous serpents, in an atmosphere poisoned with malaria, the rich outgrowth of a virgin soil which had never been disturbed by the plow.

With what heroism these bold, brave men cast their eyes backward through a dense wilderness of thrones, prisons, armies, spies, stakes, and gibbets, which had purified liberty, and trained heroes, martyrs, and philosophers to educate and lead mankind to this grandest, ultimate, glorious destiny! The graves of their persecuted ancestry in foreign lands became sacred as memorials of duty, and were remembered as vestibules through which they traveled darkly into the temple of light. Their wild hamlets were schools where the children were taught that all men of right ought to be, and of a moral necessity would ultimately be, free and govern themselves.

America was, from its discovery, the land of prisoners. Christopher Columbus threw the light of the world upon a new continent only to expiate his crime of discovery in a loathsome prison. William Penn came with his friendly, peaceful followers to secure his release from imprisonment for his devotion to principles inimical to tyrants—the son of an admiral, yet the follower of Christ, and the teacher of brotherly love, came to America to teach savages, by example, "Peace on earth, and good will to men." A colony reared upon such a foundation and administering the government upon such principles, educated her people to love liberty, enjoy liberty, and cultivate its knowledge, and were schooled to the hardy virtues of freedom which were interwoven in the subtle web of society.

Republican government grew naturally among such a

people, who were unconsciously freeing their limbs from the fetters never to be enslaved again. Driven by proscription from the cruelties of Old England, the first settlers of New England were devoted to religion, where they fled to enjoy it; and however the narrow-minded exclusiveness of the religious bigotry from which they suffered failed to teach them toleration to others, yet the ancestry who gave to the world Franklin, the Adamses, Samuel and John Hancock, Warren, the Edwardses, Websters, and Fisher Ames, were the nucleus of a self-government which inured immensely to the ultimate independence of the colonies.

The Huguenots, driven in exile through Europe, found a resting place in South Carolina, and founded the southern outposts of liberty in the colonies. Through persecution and pain, torture and privation, these cultivated Christian people were driven over every country in Europe in search of safety, until the winds of the ocean drove them to the Carolinas. Tempest-tossed in the revolutions of Europe, they found an asylum beyond the reach of the minions of courts, the inquisitors of the church, and the spies of the army, but never abated their zeal for liberty.

Then came the Dutch to New Holland. A brave people, inured to the hardships and risks of the ocean, who had opened their dykes and invited the waters to take possession of their country, rather than to surrender it to invading tyrants. In imitation of their northern colonial brethren, they commenced the work of crystalizing civilization, education, enterprise, and improvement, preparing the way for the ultimate struggle of the great national birth. In the very heart of the country Lord Baltimore came to people Maryland. Weary of European persecutions, of the adulterous union of church and state, the conflicts to perpetuate or change dynasties and personal governments, created in the interest of families and combinations to butcher the people in armies, and rob them by taxation, to feed the extravagance and support the voluptuousness of nobilities and

courts, Lord Baltimore was the founder of the first of all the colonies who declared the divine right of the liberty of conscience to all men. With the spirit of their country free as the ocean and bold as the winds they added to the gathering army of freedom, forming the cordon of liberty along the Atlantic coast.

Virginia was settled by the hardy yeomanry of England, who carried with them the memories of the right of trial by jury, and the rights of constitutional liberty, which for ages had made Great Britain the citadel of just government in Europe, the only organized power on earth which respected the rights of a fair and impartial trial by the peers of the accused. Very early the spirit of free thought gained possession of the people, and a jealousy of colonial privileges was succeeded by the declaration of natural rights, which assumed the right of self-government. The warlike spirit of this "great and unterrified colony," which Lord Cornwallis was wont to call Virginia, produced Washington, a military hero, the most eminent for his virtue in the annals of mankind. The encroachments of the church had precipitated a conflict between the tithe gatherer and the worshipper at the shrine of a drunken priesthood and fox-hunting bishops. Patrick Henry, born of the occasion, sprang into the contest and defended the people against the aggressions of the parsons.

The revolutionary war was the occasion but not the cause of the liberty of the American people. The cause was the education of the people. The germ of liberty had been transplanted to a virgin soil, and grew with its natural growth just as despotism had grown rankly under the fostering care of thrones, hierarchies, and armies. A crystalized government, now under the administration of Jefferson, just after the reflex of American independence and liberty had thrown its glittering shadow across the ocean, drove terror into the hearts of old despoticisms enthroned. The French soldiers who served under La Fayette, enamored of American liberty,

discoursed freely of the rights of man. Even under Bonaparte the French army, then the grandest that ever marched under martial orders, dreamed themselves the army of the republic of France. At this juncture of affairs there were two republics. The one a glorious organized revival of the rights of man, the other the mere shadow of liberty, an *ignus fatuus*, that led a great army through the jaws of death in enthusiastic man-worship, under the delusion that this was the road to freedom.

The republican enterprise of Mr. Jefferson met the imperial tactics of Napoleon, and tempted his ambition with money, whilst in fear that the interposition of England and Spain might wrest the prize from his hand. Jefferson secured the wealth of a continent from a conquerer who had made the foundations of the dynasties of ages tremble at his approach, who was casting the dice of battle for thrones, crowns and sceptres, to be distributed among his kinsmen.

Such was the ignorance of the French respecting the magnitude of this great country, that Guizot, long after its acquisition by the United States, believed it possible for Europe to establish a balance of power in North America. Many years after the transfer of the Louisiana territory a memorial was presented to the king of Prussia, assuring the world that the growth of American republicanism could be readily checked by a European alliance with the powerful tribe of Cherokee Indians, who would prevent the extension of our lines of civilization.

Napoleon was tracing his conquests in lines of blood through the centuries of Roman grandeur, glory and heroism, to give to his family the thrones of the Cæsars; turning away to the north he dreamed of dominion in the home of the Scythian. Spain, and Belgium, and Naples were but as country seats in which to quarter his kinsmen. In the madness of his delirium, he surrendered to the republican president, for less than one-

fourth of the private fortune of our most wealthy American citizen, the most magnificent land ever transmitted by inheritance orbought with money.

The Mississippi river, that reaches out her hands and gathers up the waters of the lakes, holds up the snow of the mountains to the sun until rivers, streams and rivulets gather from the extremities of a magnificent land, the fountains of a vast inland sea streaming forth from the earth and watered by the clouds of a continent, with mountains filled with the richest minerals, coal to propel the machinery of the world, and gold to conduct its commerce; iron, lead and copper; forests of timber, with a soil as rich as the valley of the Nile, which needs not its irrigation; embracing a climate of every varied temperature, a bracing atmosphere in the north, which creates nerves of steel, to revel in perpetual snows; through wheat fields and corn fields, until the hemp blooms with the tobacco plant, and the cotton opens its pulps beneath the shade of the orange grove, and the rice and sugar plantations are ripening in the realms of perpetual summer; the apple and cranberry, with the hardy fruits at one end of the great line of railroads, the almond and tropical fruits at the other. This great river, which gathers its streams from the mountain recesses of every part of the land, is bound in closer bonds by railroads, which drive their chariots of fire through every avenue of commerce and trade, and will make us the richest self-government, the freest of all cultivated people.

The grand system of valleys, of which the Mississippi is the immense garden, walled by the Alleghanies on the east and the Rocky Mountains on the west, bounded by lakes and gulfs, and environed by oceans, with the great pasture fields of the plains, and cattle ranches of Texas, must ultimately feed Europe and dictate laws to the United States--dictate laws in the broad, deep spirit of a land of such physical grandeur. This land of ours was the first fruits of the reactionary influence

of our revolutionary war. This was the first foot of land ever purchased or peacefully acquired from a sovereign civilized power in the history of the human family for the purpose of dedication to constitutional government, and it was so guarantied in the treaty which conferred it.

This triumph of diplomacy over a government which was proud of the astuteness of its Talleyrand, would have secured immortality for the memory of any other statesman. But Jefferson had made himself immortal. The Declaration of Independence will live as long as the English language and assist to preserve it.

The administration of justice without oppression had attracted the friends of freedom of every government on earth to Jefferson, the chief magistrate. The act of religious toleration, written by the pen of Mr. Jefferson, and incorporated in the laws of Virginia, would have crowned with immortality the life and memory of any statesman of antiquity. Neither so elaborate as Demosthenes' speech on the crown, nor made with such stateliness as Webster's plea for the American Union, nor so magnificent as the great oration of Herod to the Jews to lay down their arms against the Romans, it was greater than any or all of them combined. This act was the golden key that unlocked the door of the State to religious liberty, and at the same time the bar of steel that closed the gate of the church to religious persecution.

Between Napoleon and Jefferson was the most remarkable contrast, never better drawn by human pen than by the following contrast, written by Mr. Jefferson in a letter to a cardinal at Rome, February 14, 1816 :

* * * "Your letter to the archbishop, being from Rome, and so late in September, makes me hope that all is well ; and thanks be to God, the tiger who reveled so long in the blood and spoils of Europe, is at length, like another Prometheus, chained to his rock, where the vulture of remorse for his crimes will be preying on his vitals, and in like manner without consuming them.

Having been, like him, entrusted with the happiness of my country, I feel the blessing of resembling him in no other point. I have not caused the death of five or ten millions of human beings, the devastation of other countries, the depopulation of my own, the exhaustion of all its resources, the destruction of its liberties, nor its foreign subjugation.

“All this has been done to render more illustrious the atrocities perpetrated for illustrating himself and his family with plundered diadems and sceptres. On the contrary, I have the consolation to reflect, that during the period of my administration not a drop of the blood of a single fellow-citizen was shed by the sword of the law or war, and after cherishing for eight years their peace and prosperity I laid down their trust of my own accord, and in the midst of their blessings and importunities to continue it.

“THOMAS JEFFERSON.”

Such was the philosophy of the history of the acquisition of the mere territory upon which we have built the great State of Iowa.

Such was the character of our ancestry, to whose long continued culture of justice and liberty we are indebted for a country scarcely less to be coveted than the garden of our first parents. A government perfect in every thing except those infirmities of administration by mere men. But how like the inferior animals are we in our notions of justice and right. Each devours the other inferior to himself. Our treaty with France gave us the naked right of discovery purchased, the right of home and possession the Indians had enjoyed for ages.

For full three centuries the encroachments of the white man upon the Indian had been aggressive and augured of the extinction of the red race, leaving only here and there a remnant of the admixture with the superior race, to live in romance and song, of the Pocahontas tribe of Powhattan; or in the reigning of John Ross, of the Cherokees.

Valley after valley was yielded to the cupidity and growth of the Caucasian race, who first begged a place to pitch his tent, as a refuge from persecution, then begged a little ground to till and cultivate, to feed his children; then begged a little more for his persecuted brethren, who were flying from persecution under the dominion of kings and hierarchies. Then wanted a little more for the church which brought Christ and his precious doctrines, with salvation offered freely as the bubbling waters that ran down from the mountains, pure as the snows that melted and gushed down from the mountain side. Then wanted more on which to build their churches; then wanted more to establish a government, to rule the churches and the people; then wanted more, to tax and pay tithes and stipends to give to the church a more certain support: then wanted more to keep an army to enforce the gospel of peace, with a few soldiers, ever ready to cut the throats of men not willing to believe or ready to obey the peaceful doctrines of the gospel. In this small way did our honest fathers get their first fast foothold on the continent of the aborigines.

But governments grow, power increases and becomes arbitrary; this was Archimedes' immovable fulcrum on which to place his lever to move the world. The Indians yielded; King Phillip gave way to the encroachments of the New England English: Powhattan yielded to the encroachments of the Virginia English. The Shenandoah, the most beautiful, romantic and fruitful of all the eastern valleys, was surrendered by the Indian tribes without a battle or a massacre. That beautiful land surrounded by mountain palisades, and overhung by vast and wildly clustered villages of rocks, became the peacefully acquired possession of the Caucasian intruder, who begged an entrance into the home of the Indian and then robbed the Indian of what he could not get as a successful mendicant for the begging. Moving westward in a solid and aggressive column upon

the rights and homes of the red man, he approaches the sources of the Monongahela. Here is the grandest mountain plateau in all America; where, standing, you can cast a stone into the springs that gather the first waters that sweep away through the mountains of the southeast into the Potomac—which divided the free from the slave States—and swept through its rich valleys to the ocean; turning to the left, another stone could be cast into the waters of the Monongahela, which swiftly gathered the waters which drained the western slope of the Alleghanies; turning again to the setting sun, a stone could be cast into the waters of the Kenahawa and New rivers, which are the grand natural canals which concentrate the waters of the southwest into the Ohio; turning to the south, springs that burst forth as fountains swept in cascades to the James river, and mingled the cool mountain waters with the ocean. From this beautiful plateau, by a gentle descent, the traveller soon reaches the Mingo Flats, out of which bursts the everlasting fountains of the Tygart Valley. This wild sublime scenery of the mountains—not excelled by anything drawn by the hand of romance—walled in by the last grand range of the Alleghanies, hundreds of feet above the level of the placid stream which flows in rippling floods beneath the mountain, then extends for nearly fifty miles, cultivated by a generous people. On the east, again walled by the great Cheat Mountain, on the very height of the mountain, at nearly two thousand feet above the level of the Tygart Valley, the dark and treacherous Cheat river pours its mountain floods over precipices, and through ledges for miles, then sinks, leaving only sun-smote rocks to mark the natural pathway of the ancient river; after subterranean passages for many miles, like a flood, it bursts forth again to pursue its tortuous course over precipice and ledge. This rude, beautiful, wild and romantic valley was the birth place of Logan, the Mingo chief, whose plaintive appeal upon the murder of his family

will live side by side with the oration of Judah to Joseph for the release of Benjamin, and outlive all of the studied art of eloquence.

From the Monongahela to the Muskingum, from the Muskingum to the Sciota, from the Sciota to the Miami, and finally to the Wabash, were the tribes driven, to make room for the white man, who wanted only a little more land to extend his civilization.

Tecumseh and his wicked brother, the Prophet—it is well to call him wicked, because he was not a Caucasian—was not our champion—fought against us—made the last bold stand that looked like national war to resist the encroachments of civilization upon the natural rights of the Indian. The natural heroism of Tecumseh, united to the carefully planned fanaticism of the Prophet, combined with the British in an organized war, was a systematic resistance, such as had never before been made by the Indians since the settlement of the northern portion of the continent.

The prophet was another Mahomet, using only the power at his command upon the superstitious nature of his people, another Joe Smith, improvising the traditions of his tribes, another Miller, arousing the primitive nations to prepare for the millennium of his race, now at hand. The prophet was a bloody, vindictive dreamer. Tecumseh dreamed not; he had all of the ability of King Philip, all of the sublime independence of Logan, all of the personal bravery of Cornstalk; he was more than the superior of any Indian chieftan who had lived before him; he was to the Indians whom he commanded what Hannibal was to the Carthaginians, what Cæsar was to the Romans, what Bonaparte was to the French, what Cromwell was to the English; he failed only because he was the greatest of an inferior race, struggling against the superior. No mere human, however, gains a victory over nature. Defeat brought to life its worst vices—drunkenness, idleness, degradation. After the defeat of Tecumseh the enterprise and its first born child—ag-

gression of the white man — brought its power into immediate contact with the Indian.

Then came Blackhawk, the last of the Shawnees, who had fought side by side with Tecumseh, whose people had been robbed of their lands by the cupidity of the white man and the treachery of the red man. No longer a proud people, with the history of their warriors preserved in the wampum belt and repeated on the battlefield, Blackhawk, partly in grief for the lost glory of his race, now melting away "like a snow flake on the river," and partly in desperation, organized an Indian army to prevent the occupation of their lands on the rich and picturesque Rock river valley. Believing that a contest here would — at least for a generation — postpone the settlement of the whites west of the Mississippi valley, Blackhawk made his war determined and vigorous, but not with the usual savage cruelty known and practiced by the earlier tribes. But Blackhawk was overcome. The heroic frontier warrior, Henry Dodge, whose family had suffered from frontier cruelty, who had heard in the cradle the war-whoop of the Indians, in after years had wrested the tomahawk from their stoutest braves, defeated Blackhawk. So must it ever be, the inferior yielding to the superior race.

Keokuk, Wapello, Appanoose, Kish-ke-kosh, Powe-sheik, with the long list of chiefs, those who were hereditary, and those who received their position from their tribes, were simply so many children of nature, who grew up with the rosin-weed, and had wolf dogs and ponies for their companions, hunted the buffalo, deer, elk, with the other wild game, and the wild fruits, died and left behind a progeny to perish like the wild flowers, with nothing to perpetuate their remembrance among nations, leaving their memories among their tribes as names in a dreamy vocabulary upon which to ground a tradition or amplify an old legend. Nature is itself destructive, and produces only to destroy, and measures its powers to produce by its capacity to destroy. To this

law man is no exception to the universal rule. The fish eats the worm; the snake eats the fish; the swine eats the snake; man eats the swine. Men destroy each other until the first victim, the worm, eats the man, and finally the worm imitates the example of the men and devour each other. In this fearful circle of destruction nature produces, destroys, reproduces, and again destroys herself.

American history has no more mournful page than that of the gradual disappearance of the Indians, the first proprietors of the soil. The history of the disappearance of the Indian in civilized America is unique, uniform, sorrowful, and natural. The land was possessed by the Indian; the buffalo, elk, and deer were his herds, partaking of his nature, and participating in his nomadic habits. The bear, panther, and wolf prowled around his wigwam until the Indian made friends with the wolf, and imparted to him a domestication wonderfully like his own. The pony, wild as the Indian, served him well in the chase. The wild apple, plum, and grape, with those other fruits that disappear upon the approach of the plow and other implements of culture, afforded to the Indian his pleasant summer sweets and acids; the wild man, the wild beast, the wild fruits lived and flourished together. But the white man came, and before him the enchanting dream of perpetual dominion fled as a vision forever. The buffalo heard the strange voice of the white man, and moved his herds as an army stampeding from the enemy. The Indian saw the retreating herd of buffalo, and mounted upon his pony — the reason was natural — the Indian's food and raiment was in the buffalo and kindred beasts. The wolf-dog followed the Indian, for he lived upon the offal of the chase. Then came the change. The white man, close upon the heels of the Indian, commenced his work of improvement and culture. Everything changed. There was a change in agriculture: the rosin-weed gave way to the corn-field; the natural grasses were choked out by tim-

othy, clover, and blue-grass. There was a change in horticulture: the crab apple yielded to the rambo and pippin; the wild plum was cut away to give place to the green gauge and damson; the wild sour grape, that clambered to the heights of great trees, or grew in swamps, was supplanted with the Catawba and Concord. There was a change in the animal domestics: the Durham, Devon, and Alderney took the place of the buffalo; the flocks of Merino sheep supplanted the wandering herds of deer; the Morgan and Connestoga in the stalls supplanted the mustangs in the corral; the shepherd and St. Bernard stood as guards to the house and herds, instead of the wolf-dog, useful only in the chase. There was a change in the popular habitations: the wigwam and lodge, the shelter of leaves and caves in the earth, gave way to the neatly furnished cottage and spacious mansions, as the abiding homes of culture and industry. A change in education: the war dance and the chase gave way to schools, colleges, and universities. A change in religion: where the Indian woman stood in dread of the medicine man and the prophet of the tribe, and held her child as the offspring of fate, and worshipped in the gloomy rites of the Great Spirit, the white woman bears her child to the temple of the living God, and lays him a sacrifice upon the altar of Christ in baptism. There was a change in the immortality of hope: the Indian mother followed her dead to the burying grounds with a dim, dreamy hope of meeting on hunting grounds far beyond the setting sun, returning with grief and broken heart, sobbing in accents of sorrow that inquiry of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" where now the Christian mother, with bosom swelling with consolation as she bears her child to the tomb, repeating to herself submissively, I cannot bring him back, he cannot come to me. I can go to him, "For if a man die he shall live again, for I am the Resurrection and the life." Barbarism has given way to civilization and the grim shadow

of idolatry has given way to Christianity, and so it will ever be.

The discovery of the Continent of America by Christopher Columbus, was the beginning of a new era in the civilization of the world. Through the dim starlight of superstition and idolatry the earlier ages of our race had groped their way to knowledge. Conflicting legends had left in doubt the form of the earth, the origin of man, questions of geology, questions of anthropology, questions of mythology, and questions of theology were unsettled. The light of the Gospel emitted but the twilight of Christian truth, its glimmering rays shone through prisons, inquisitions and star chambers, after the purer lights had been closed out by creeds—theocracies and hierarchies. The close of the Revolutionary war secured by law the freedom of conscience, with the liberty of conscience; free inquiry came as an effulgent light, science awoke from the slumber of ages, and like an agile army of travelers, penetrated every recess of the earth and the elements to discover new light. Freedom tore the fetters from the limbs of science, and in grateful return science has magnified freedom in giving her new powers and grander era of action. The acquisition of Louisiana was the declaration of the new doctrine of propagandism borrowed from the early Apostles of Christianity. The success of the Independence of the United States was followed by an awakening of Liberty in every part of the civilized world. The old monarchies of Europe combined to make wars abroad to prevent their people from inquiring into the wrongs, oppressions and robberies of the government at home.

South America caught the contagion of liberty from North America, and organized under Bolivar for the independence and freedom of the American Spaniards. Mexico, weary of being governed and robbed, then again robbed and governed by the Spaniards, arose from the nightmare of centuries and declared for the liberty of the Montezumas. Old Greece, the land of Homer, of

Socrates and Xenophon, the grandest temple ever reared to knowledge, for the weary centuries of the Christian era had been smouldering in the fires of her desolation, overrun by barbarians, until the monuments of her illustrious children were mingled with the unhewn stones of her mountains; her philosophy, literature and science, transmitted in sparks, were now flaming in the most gorgeous fires in every court in the civilized world. The children of Greece scarcely knew the names of their illustrious fathers, whose glory had canonized them in Pantheons, and whose philosophy and rhetoric made them masters of the world. But in this revival of the Spirit of Liberty, Greece awoke from the slumber of death, and declared for liberty. The spirit of her own Alcibiades, in response to the Metempsychosis of her own Pythagoras, reappeared in Lord Byron, who, with audacious sublimity, had rivaled Alcibiades in his contempt of morals, and had shamed Voltaire in his Iconoclasm, left his hereditary title in the oldest monarchy of Europe to lay down his life for the new republic of Greece. Scarcely had the spirit of Demosthenes awoke to drive away the maurauding host of another Philip, until his own voice was re-echoing in the republic of the New World from the godlike Webster, and responded to in the silvery tongue of Clay, demanding that the new republic of America should stretch out her helping hand to the old republic of Athens.

Poland, inspired by the heroic example of Kosciusko, like a giant in chains, made one more terrible struggle to arise from her bondage. The South American States, like Mexico, scarcely realized a pure and lofty liberty; Greece was overpowered by numbers; Poland has been crushed, but the seeds of liberty have been sown--time will harvest them. The steady, growing light of Christian civilization, melting away the strength of arbitrary power, and at the same time moulding the minds of the oppressed to relieve themselves of oppression, will triumph. America will repay Europe. Europe gave to

mankind an outlet for its growth, grandeur and liberty. In return, America will transplant liberty to grow luxuriantly in Europe. Liberty is the normal condition of man. This immutable law of a perfect government shall be asserted everywhere: "That which cannot be controlled must be destroyed." Despotism cannot be controlled and God will destroy it.

Ireland, restive under the usurpation of the rights of her people, again and again has raised the banner of liberty and self-government, and the tyrants declare Ireland incapable of self-government. Did she fail? She did not. She was overpowered by the force of numbers, the combination of armies of hired assassins, and the overflowing treasury whose coffers were filled with money wrested from the toil of her own people. With what audacity must that champion of despotism speak against liberty, who says the land of heroes, philosophers, poets, painters, and statesmen, who have been alike distinguished in arts and arms in every civilized country under heaven, cannot govern herself. If Ireland cannot, then can we? And if we cannot govern ourselves, pray, who shall govern us? Have we angels to govern us, or do kings govern the world so well that we can no longer govern ourselves?

It is not true that there has ever been a failure by any people of Europe or America to govern themselves. It is not true that any despotism gave to any people so good a government as they would have enjoyed by self-government. In France the people have never had a trial of self-government. In all attempts at government by the people, they have been assailed by the surrounding governments of Europe, determined to preserve royalty as the basis of government. The three scrofulous remnants of effete families of tyrants—the Bourbons, the Orleanists, and Bonapartes—have prevented even the semblance of a just free government; the history is before you. This is true of the Spanish governments in Europe and America.

In Europe republican government has never been inaugurated — republican government cannot conquer ; between conquest and republican government there is an eternal conflict ; yet the republican system will ultimately prevail in every part of this continent. This is the just foundation of hope. One full century of extended and growing experience attests its success.

Civilization, propelled by the knowledge of freedom and the freedom of knowledge, is the missionary angel flying through the midst of Heaven, preaching the everlasting gospel to the utmost parts of the earth.

To Louisiana has been added Texas, to Texas California, to California will be added the entire western part of Mexico, all ready, like rich ripe fruit, to fall into the lap of self-government. The question of the extension of self-government is limited only by the progress of supplanting the customs of an ignorant barbarious nation, with the materials for knowledge.

The railroad and telegraph need only penetrate the heart of Mexico to bring her people into near neighborhood with republican government, to give courage, strength, and intelligence to her better classes—to make republican government in Mexico, as elsewhere, a triumph over despotism.

Gentlemen, I have lived during the period of the discovery and application of those wonderful civilizing powers which have extended the possibilities of free government among men.

I am not old—yet I am older than the railroad and magnetic telegraph ; older than your state. I have seen but little, yet have I seen the triumph of the republican system in America—it will yet triumph in Europe. I have heard evil prophecies of the government, and each party and statesman is restive lest the government should die with him. The revolutionary soldiers from whose reverend lips the story of our first war fell upon my early mind are no more.

I have seen statesmen, soldiers, philosophers, and public leaders swept down like leaves in a burning forest, yet the republic still lives, outliving them all. For more than half a hundred years I've seen yon sun rise over the mountain forests, pass through floating clouds, and bathe his golden plumage in the mists of the ocean.

Each year rising upon lands more beautifully adorned, a people more thoroughly enlightened and more jealous of their liberty, science more carefully studied and more thoroughly understood, each year expanding the area of liberty and extending the lines of free thought. Centuries may he travel in his course, but he will never set upon the rights of man or outlive the government of God, which is pledged to justice, truth and liberty.

AMELIA BLOOMER.

BY JOHN H. KEATLEY.

IT is a difficult task to attempt the biography of a lady, and much more so when that lady's life has furnished such an abundance of material as makes the duty of selecting more delicate and discriminating. The subject of this sketch has filled a prominent and useful place in public affairs for many years, and accomplished much in the revolution that has marked the pathway of the past two decades.

Amelia Bloomer, with her husband, Hon. D. C. Bloomer, has been a resident of Council Bluffs for many years, and during that time they have formed many pleasant and endearing attachments. Her maiden name was Amelia Jenks, and her birthplace Homer, in Courtlandt county, in the State of New York. Her mother

being a member of the Presbyterian church, she, at a very early age was taught those cardinal principles of Christianity which have clung to her and molded and shaped her opinions ever since. Her education, aside from that obtained at the fireside, was acquired in the district schools as they existed in those days. The lesson of self-reliance was learned by her at an early period. For a short time previous to marriage she was a teacher in the public schools of her own neighborhood, and in that capacity absorbed that interest in general education which has developed one of the angles of her many sided and noble character. Her heart has always been with the free schools of the country, and her interest in the same began when there were few of these institutions in the land. In 1840 she became the wife of D. C. Bloomer, and with him took up her residence in Seneca Falls, N. Y., where they remained until the fall of 1853. In 1842 Mrs. Bloomer became a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has ever since remained a sincere and devout communicant of that religious society. In girlhood, almost, she took an active interest in the temperance movement that then began to crystalize under the name of "Washingtonians," and besides giving aid and comfort to the temperance cause with energetic effort, she devoted much thought to the question of the abolition of slavery. Her husband, at that time, was the editor and publisher of a Whig newspaper, but strong anti-slavery sentiments frequently found their way to the public through its types. The young wife, full of her own convictions of the right, was timorous, and hesitated to try her pen as a writer. Her husband, however, induced her to make the attempt, and gradually her hand grew steady and firm until in a few years her style, grace, and force as a writer, were recognized. In these years her habits were retiring and reserved. She naturally shunned publicity, but gave utterance to her convictions, after mature deliberation, in the hope that her thoughts might be of use to her people. In

January, 1848, she commenced the publication of a temperance newspaper called the *Lily*, and for six years, she alone, with success and energy managed its columns. Five years of the time at Seneca Falls and one year in Ohio, whither she and her husband had removed. During the last year of the existence of this journal the health of Mrs. Bloomer sensibly declined, owing to the frequent calls upon her for lectures, to which she always responded. It was impossible for her to make excuses, and finally she and her husband resolved to seek a retreat in western Iowa, in anticipation that many years would elapse before the excitements that had surrounded them would be able to reach them again. In this they were disappointed, for only a few years brought them, though on the frontier, into the midst of these excitements again. Her paper had ample encouragement and reached an one time a circulation of four thousand, which in those days was seldom accomplished by any of the public journals. Started as a temperance organ, it gradually became the advocate of the enfranchisement of women—not in its Woodhull-Clafin sense, but in the education of the sex, and in the giving to them such rights in law as would protect them against the arbitrary dictates of those who call themselves men. The *Lily* was the first newspaper in the country that took the advanced platform of Woman's Rights, and that has shaped much of recent legislation to the detriment of the lords of creation. Reform in dress was one of the ideas seized by Mrs. Bloomer. In her journal she advocated a style that has never been adopted except by a few. Before us is a well executed engraving, made in 1851, as she appeared in the once famous Bloomer costume. She is of medium height. From the neck to waist the dress and sleeves are plain, and such as are worn usually by women of moderate taste.

The skirt reaches a little below the knee. A full pantalet gathered in ruffles over the top of the shoe is all that constitutes the Bloomer costume. In speaking of

the cut from which we have taken our ideas, the editress herself says that the picture was taken from a *de-guerreotype*, and goes on: "In the main it is a very good representation of our dress, though not as perfect a one as we hoped for. The artist has failed to show the trousers to as good advantage as we could wish. Of the face we will say nothing. Those who know us can best tell if there is any resemblance, and those who do not know us can imagine it to be a correct likeness if they choose. * * * * It matters but little as we are not ambitious to show our face to our readers; all we seek is to let them see just what an 'immodest' dress we are wearing, and about which people have made such an ado. We hope our lady readers will not be shocked at our 'masculine' appearance, or gentlemen mistake us for one of their own sex."

To make these statements at that time took a great deal of nerve. It foreshadowed an innovation of our established customs, and appealed to a higher order of moral courage than we ordinarily see. The curious frequently ask us, "Does Mrs. Bloomer still wear the dress which bears her name?" She does not. When her health and the weather permit, she may be seen taking her drive in the plain and ordinary dress of those of her own sex. She has a very pleasant home circle, and the parlors of the Bloomer family are frequently enlivened by the young people of the city who take delight in meeting Mr. and Mrs. Bloomer under their own roof-tree.

To say Mrs. Bloomer has been a remarkable woman would be inadequate. Before us is a copy of the New York *Herald* of February 9th, 1853, containing a *verbatim* report of a speech she delivered in that city on that evening, the eloquence of which would honor many a man who attempts to court the favor of Hermes. It is impossible for her to be idle. When the Woman's Suffrage Society of Iowa was organized she was its Vice President, and at its second meeting its President. Ever since she has been in the front rank of the movement,

ready and willing at all times to aid the cause in every respect, and never shrinking from duty. During their residence at Mount Vernon, Ohio, she was associate editor of the *Western Home Visitor*, a weekly literary journal of extensive circulation. In the spring of 1855, she and her husband moved to Council Bluffs. In the winter of 1856, she addressed the Legislature of Nebraska on the subject of the right of woman to the ballot, and the territorial House of Representatives shortly afterwards passed a bill giving women the right to vote, but it failed in the Council. If we had the time and space we might multiply interesting incidents in the life of this extraordinary woman. Want of both compels us to desist. She has never been blessed with children, and though not a mother herself she has always had an adopted family of little ones around her to give tone to her warm and generous heart. She and her fond husband have traveled the rugged path of life together for many years, and seem to live for each other. Both are highly respected by all who know them. Both are regarded in their declining years as having contributed greatly toward the advancement of the interests and prosperity of their adopted state, and of the city of which they, at an early date, became inhabitants. The hope of their friends is that they may live long together to enjoy that peace that comes from a consciousness of having tried to discharge one's duty.

EARLY TIMES IN IOWA.

BY CHARLES NEGUS.

From a Private Diary.

Dickey's Hotel.

[Continued from page 103.]

AMONG the first settlers of Fairfield was Fulton Brown, who was a shoemaker by trade, and a man of peculiar parts. He was quite a small man, and a cripple, one leg being much smaller and about two inches shorter than the other, which gave him a very peculiar walk. To look at him one would suppose that he had not much more strength than a child; but his composition was all bone and sinew, not a pound of surplus flesh about him. His natural disposition was rather pleasant and sociable, but he was quick to resent an insult, and seemed to be in his element when in a quarrel, and had his full share of fisticuffs, and in most of them was victorious. Almost every evening he was to be seen loafing about Dickey's Hotel. Although scarcely any person showed him respect, and almost everybody shunned his company, yet he would manage to make himself prominent in every crowd he chanced to be.

Owing to his physical defects he was able to do but little labor other than work on his bench, and in those days shoemaking was rather a precarious business for a man to rely on for supporting his family. He had his second wife, a woman many years younger than himself. His wife was a sister of Medley Shelton, who had squatted on a claim about a mile south-west of Fairfield, and his family consisted of himself, his widowed mother and two sisters.

It was said Brown obtained his wife through deception by representing to her that he was a man of wealth. He appeared to be fond of his family and strove to give them a good support, but was not very scrupulous how he obtained the means, and had the reputation of getting considerable money by gambling. He was an expert in penmanship and could imitate the hand-writing of almost any one. At one time his provisions were exhausted; he had no money, and but little credit. Starvation was hovering around his premises, and to supply his wants he forged a note for a small amount on John Minton.

Minton was a man responsible for his debts, but was fond of sporting; kept fast horses, and often went from home to run his horses for wagers, and when on these excursions frequently took Brown with him. These circumstances gave semblence that he might rightfully have Minton's note.

Brown took the forged note to a groceryman and pawned it for some provisions, the value of which was much less than the note, with the understanding that in a short time he was to pay for the provisions and lift the note. When the time expired, Brown not having the money to pay for the provisions, the groceryman dunned Minton to pay the note. Minton denied the execution of the note, caused legal proceedings to be commenced, and Brown was arrested and lodged in jail. He had been imprisoned several days. None of his friends coming to his relief, he sent a message by the jailer for me to come and see him. I went, and found him alone in the log jail in not a very inviting or comfortable apartment, seated on a bench with his head resting upon his hands, as if in deep thought. When I entered his room he supposed it was the jailer bringing him his meal and did not look up until I spoke to him. As soon as he looked up and saw me the tears profusly poured down his cheeks, and the first thing he said was to inquire after his family. With all his faults he had

his good qualities : he loved and cared for his wife and children. Without apparent concern for his own safety his whole mind, at the time, seemed to be absorbed about the wants of his family, and he requested that I should see that they were provided for. I left the jail and went to his home, which was a log cabin on the outskirts of the town with only one room. The inside of the cabin presented a most beggarly appearance. There was a tall, and by nature, a fine looking woman and three little children with clothing scarcely sufficient to cover their nakedness, and without a mouthful of anything to eat in the house. After learning the condition of the family I hastened to inform her brother of the facts. At first Shelton was very indignant and severely reflected upon his sister for having married against the wishes of the family. But the wave of anger soon passed over and the passion of love and kindness controlled his feelings, and he hastened to relieve the wants of his sister and her children ; but he refused to go bail for Brown to relieve him from his imprisonment. This was done more to teach him a lesson to correct his morals, than a lack of regard for his welfare, for he showed great anxiety and put himself to much trouble to have him acquitted.

Minton's evidence was positive as to the forgery, and the circumstances corroborated his statements, and with his testimony before the jury it was almost certain that Brown would have to serve a term in the penitentiary.

The time for holding court came, business commenced, Brown's case was reached and he was brought into court. His confinement and anxiety had affected his health. He looked haggard and pale. The jury was impaneled and the witnesses called and sworn. The preliminary proceedings of the trial were strongly contested and consumed much time. When Minton, the main witness, was called he was so exhilarated with liquor that he did not know what he was about, and his testimony was not explicit on the important facts. How

he got his liquor I did not enquire, but the presumption was, it did not cost him much. After a short deliberation the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty and the prisoner was discharged. As this moment joy came over his countenance he sprang from his seat, rushed through the crowd, made long and rapid strides over the ground with as much activity as though his limbs were all perfect, did not turn to the right or left, or speak to any one he met till he arrived in the presence of his wife and children.

The result of this trial was a source of joy to myself, and though the penalties of the law were not fully enforced, I thought the results were as beneficial to the community as though the prisoner had been consigned to the solitary cells of the state prison.

Among the customers of Dickey's was Anson Ford, who came to Fairfield early in the spring of 1843. He was a man of curious composition in every respect. His arms and legs were of the size and length of an ordinary man six feet in height, but his body had the appearance of having been pressed down to about one-half of its height, making it very large in circumference. His spinal column formed a section of a circle, which gave him a round or humped back. He had a large head, phrenologically well organized, an expressive countenance, and a keen, piercing eye. He was about forty years old, of extensive reading, had seen much of the world, a splendid gentleman, a good accountant, had had much experience in business, though like many others had been unfortunate and reduced in his finances. When he started for the west he gave up a position in the post-office in the city of New York. He not only had business talent, but was quite a mechanical genius.

Soon after he came to the place he painted for Dickey an elegant sign, and to while away his leisure hours he made a martin house, exhibiting the most exquisite architectural skill, which he placed over the sign, both of which attracted much attention. He came west with

but little money, and necessity demanded that he should do something at once for his support. At first he engaged in teaching a writing school. But that not being a permanent business, as soon as warm weather came, not being able to get other employment, he gave his attention to painting, though at that time there was not much demand for labor of this kind. Yet, during the season, he saved means enough, over and above his expenses, to send for his wife in the fall and prepare for house-keeping. Soon after his wife came he left the hotel, and they provided for themselves.

His wife, like himself, was well informed. She was a lady in her manners, and a perfect model of neatness in her person and about her house. They were fondly devoted to each other, and a well matched couple in every respect.

Ford, by his industry and frugality, the second season after he came to Fairfield had a home of his own. He bought some lots on the outskirts of the town, on which was a grove of young trees. He cleared out the undergrowth, trimmed up the trees, and built a small house. He laid off his grounds with much taste. There were in his garden, walks, flower-beds, shrubbery, and grass lawns, all arranged in order and style. At the entrance of his yard, for gate posts, were placed two large ticks of timber, on the top of which was framed another, representing an arch, which he painted so they were a perfect imitation of granite. Ford and his wife worked at their homestead till they made it one of the neatest and most attractive places in the town.

He was of a popular turn, and a whig in politics. In 1844 he was a candidate for a county office, and although the county had a large democratic majority, he only lacked six votes of being elected. He was twice a candidate again, ran ahead of his party poll, and was only beaten by small majorities. In 1847 he was elected recorder and treasurer of the county, and was re-elected in 1849. At this time this was the most important and the

best paying office in the county. Ford was a cogent letter writer, and had an extensive correspondence.

After the whigs came into power, by the election of General Taylor president, he had his influence at the seat of the federal government, and was consulted about the disposal of the public patronage in Iowa, especially in the post-office department, and for a while there were but few persons in the state, among those in the whig party, who had more influence than Anson Ford. The success which he had had since he came to Iowa, both financially and politically, his influence in the state, and his pleasant home, were sources of gratification and pleasure to him. But there was a cause for uneasiness and discontent in his domestic circle. Both Ford and his wife were very fond of children, but there were no little Fords about their household, and from the length of time they had been married they had given up all hopes of there being any, and this was a cause of uneasiness and discontent.

Ford, like most of politicians, had his days of prosperity and adversity. Frequently little incidents are attended with big results, and this was Ford's experience. A little while before the time for nominating candidates for office, Ford, with several others, among the number was Fulton Brown, were sitting on a bench in front of the hotel, when the elder Miss Shelton, having attired herself in her best apparel, came up to town and passed where Ford was sitting. Miss Shelton was naturally rather a fascinating girl, and on this occasion she appeared particularly interesting, and attracted the special attention of Ford. Just as she passed the hotel, Ford made the remark, "That is a fine young lady; I wish I was a young man, I would be for marrying her." Miss Shelton heard the remark, and turned around to see who had made it, and without saying anything passed on. A few days after, Ford received a letter, signed Elizabeth Shelton, expressing kind regards and devotion for him, and wishing to know if the remarks he made at the

hotel reflected the true sentiments of his heart. This unexpected letter made a deep impression on his mind; the fervency of youth was stirred up; his fondness for children, the thoughts of having some one to perpetuate his memory, caused a strong conflict in his mind between passion and duty; but he answered the letter, giving her the strongest assurance of love and devotion for her ladyship. That their letters might not fall into other hands, Brown was selected as their mail carrier, and it was a mutual understanding that they would not be seen together. Now follows a lively correspondence. Scarcely a day passed but letters were sent and received. The vows Ford had made to his wife at the time of their nuptials were forgotten, and soon it was understood that Ford and Miss Shelton were to elope together. That she might have a respectable wardrobe, Ford sent her a liberal amount of money, and she bought much clothing. But this excited no suspicion with the family or others, for she caused it to be reported that she was going to be married to Irvin Shamp, a respectable mechanic, and she got her money to purchase clothing from him.

The time for them to take their departure had nearly arrived, when, for a little recreation, Ford thought he would go hunting, and taking his gun, he started down the road leading by Shelton's house. Just before he got to the house, Miss Shelton came out of the yard on her way up to town, and met Ford in the road a short distance from the house. He, supposing this meeting was sought on the part of Miss Shelton for a consultation about their departure, familiarly broached the subject; but to his astonishment, instead of meeting with her smiles, she became very indignant, dealt out to him some severe reprimands and immediately returned to the house and reported his conduct to her brother. Her brother became highly incensed at the indignities offered to his sister, and being well armed, the next day called on Ford to redress the wrong. At the meeting, Ford, in vindication of his conduct, produced the letters he had

received. The producing of these letters in the handwriting of his sister, and bearing her signature, arrested his vengeance from Ford towards his sister, and with the letter in his possession, he returned home and called her to an account, and as proof of his knowledge of what she had done, he presented her with the letters. The contents of the letters not only gave evidence of her having been conniving at improper conduct, but her own name was signed to them as proof that she was the author. This produced a very unpleasant state of affairs, but she most positively denied the writing of the letters, or of knowing anything about their contents, and on further examination it was shown that Brown had the skill to imitate Miss Shelton's hand writing; had written these letters, and had applied to his own use the money Ford had advanced to replenish Miss Shelton's wardrobe.

This expose prevented Ford from being re-nominated for office, and was the commencement of the waning of his popularity. About this time there seemed to have been enkindled in his mind a ruling passion for the caresses of other women than his lawful wife. On his direct way from his house to his office, he had to pass the residence of Mr. R. Mrs. R. was rather a fascinating woman, and as he passed by the house frequent salutations were passed between Mrs. R. and Ford. This was noticed by her husband, and became the source of much irritation; but to avoid trouble he took his family and moved to Burlington. He had not been there long until Ford had occasion to go to Burlington, and while there called at Mr. R.'s house. It happened that Mr. R. was not at home, but on his return, learning that Ford had been there, deserted his wife, took his children and came back with them to Fairfield, had Ford arrested, and succeeded in having him bound over for his appearance at court.

After being deserted by her husband, Mrs. R. left Burlington and went to parts unknown, and never after

wards lived with her husband. Ford stayed about Fairfield until the sitting of the court. The grand jury did not find a bill against him and he was discharged. These series of misfortunes very much injured his popularity. Most of his former supporters deserted him. He became disgusted with place, and soon after his discharge, having furnished his wife with the means of support for a short time, left her in charge of their homestead and went away without informing any one where he was going. At the expiration of his term of office, Ford made a settlement with Moses Black, the county judge, for all the moneys which had come into his hands, as state, school, and county funds, by delivering them up to him, and having canceled all county orders which he had received in payment of taxes, his official bond was canceled.

The state and school funds amounted to about \$2,000. But this amount was not paid over to the state or school fund by either Judge Black or Ford's successor, and the result was that suits were brought on his bond for these amounts. The commencement of these suits brought Ford back to Fairfield, and he employed counsel and strongly contested these claims, but the final result was that judgment was rendered against him for the amounts claimed. Ford then sued the county to recover back the amounts he had paid over to Judge Black, and in the district court got a judgment. But the county took an appeal to the supreme court, who reversed the judgment below, the court holding that Black, as county judge, had no legal right to settle with Ford for the state and school funds; deciding for the first time, that moneys paid through a mistake in law could not be recovered back. (IV. Green's Reports, 273, 367.)

The final result of this litigation was, that the means, which he had by his industry and economy laid up since he came west, were exhausted, and his beautiful home on which he had spent much time and money was sold on execution, and himself and wife left nearly

destitute. As soon as he was through with his litigation, he determined to leave the country and go elsewhere. He disposed of his household goods and paid every dollar he owed, after which he only had means enough to send his wife back east on a visit to her friends, and to take himself to the mountains, where he designed to go, to again try the chances of fortune.

As he left his home for the last time, he came out of the gate and took a long earnest look over the grounds on which he had built his beautiful house, and spent with his own hands many hours of toil, and carefully eyed everything about the premises, and as he gazed his eyes watered, and the big tears ran down his cheeks. But suddenly a flash of anger came over his countenance, the tears dried up, and after a pause of a few moments, he spoke and said, "I am going to the mountains to try and make some money; if I succeed, I will return and have this place back, and I will build a fence so high that no one can get over it, and have no entrance but at one gate. I will make it a hospitable and pleasant place for my friends; but I will sit in the porch with my rifle in my hand, and will shoot every one of my enemies who may attempt to set their feet on the premises."

At an early date there came to the hotel, from Virginia, William Pritt and wife. Pritt was a blacksmith by trade; but a man of more than ordinary mental capacity; and his wife was very ladylike in her bearing, and neat about her person and clothes.

Pritt rented a shop, hired hands, and carried on the business of his trade quite extensively. They had no children, and for a long time found it convenient to board at the hotel. Pritt finally quit the blacksmith business and went to merchandising, and then they left the hotel and went to keeping house in part of the building in which he had his store.

The Methodists were among the first of the religious denominations to organize a church in Fairfield. They

had made several attempts to raise means enough to erect a house for public worship, but without success. To accomplish this object, Mrs. Elizabeth Culbertson, one of the first settlers of the place, and an active member of the church, conceived the idea of raising some money for this purpose by having a public supper. The suggestion was encouraged by most of the citizens, and the enterprise was undertaken. There being at that time no public hall or private residence of sufficient size for that purpose, Dickey generously offered the ladies the use of his hotel.

Provisions were liberally donated, and great preparations were made; the entertainment being open to all who choose to come, and it being understood that the proceeds were for the benefit of the church, the entertainment was well attended. This was the first of the kind ever held in Fairfield, and parties came from all parts of the country. There were the aged, and those of grave and serious thought; the youth, and those of gay appearance and jovial mind; and nearly every apartment of the hotel was crammed full with visitors, and this was an evening long remembered by those of early times.

A few months previous a young man by the name of Joseph Knott had come to Fairfield, and was, at the time of the supper, boarding at the hotel. Knott was of a genteel bearing, and quite a lady's man, assisted the ladies and made himself quite prominent on the occasion. A few days before the entertainment a man by the name of Lamb and his lady came to the hotel, who bore the appearance of having much wealth. Lamb and his lady took supper, and besides paying the stated price for their meals he made a donation of ten dollars. This liberality raised him high in the estimation of the company, and he was decidedly the lion of the evening. His fame soon spread through the village, and among those who claimed to be of the aristocracy of the place, there was quite a rivalry as to who would show him and his lady the great-

est honor. And Lamb, if not from one of the first families of his native state, bid fair to soon become one of the first citizens of Fairfield. But it was not many weeks before public sentiment, ever fickle, underwent quite a change in relation to their new citizens, for some of his old neighbors got on his trail and followed with a requisition from the governor of Ohio, to take him back to his former residence to answer the charge of swindling some of his former friends out of large sums of money, and also for abandoning his lawful wife and family, and taking another woman for his bosom companion. Previous to this he had purchased a dwelling house, made preparations for going to house-keeping, and had gone into business with Pritt, keeping what they call a family grocery.

This unexpected visit from Ohio caused Lamb to leave very abruptly to escape the grasp of the officers of the law. He stayed away a few weeks till his pursuers had left, when he returned, sent his mistress to her home, sold out his interest in the store to Pritt, and either in payment for his goods or by some other manoeuvre, secretly took the wife of his partner and left for parts unknown, and neither Lamb or Mrs. Pritt were ever heard of afterwards. After these scenes were enacted, those who had been so eager to show honor to Lamb were now doubly zealous to bemean and heap approbrium upon him. A striking instance of the instability of man's popularity.

During Lamb's absence his mistress stayed at Pritt's. She being apparently deserted, young Knott paid particular attention to her wants and was a frequent visitor at Pritt's establishment.

A few evenings after Lamb returned he was seen to go into the apartment where the ladies stayed at a late hour of the night, but was never seen in Fairfield afterward. He was supposed to have had a considerable amount of money about his person, but he left all his clothes except what he wore, and did not collect some

money due him from his employer. He gave no one any account of his intention to go away, and the cause of his leaving or what became of him was unknown to any one, but there were strong suspicions that his remains rested in some secret place not far from where he was last seen.

One day, just after dinner, I was in the bar-room, when there came in a boyish looking young man, who, with an air of self-confidence, laid down a small bundle he carried, took a chair, and after a few moments repose called for entertainment. He wore a straw hat with part of the rim torn off; his clothes were much worn; his shoes had seen hard service; he came to town in company with some emigrants; his appearance indicated he had come a long journey and had made most of it on foot. He had sandy hair, full face, was low in stature, and was quite corpulent. There was nothing prepossessing in his appearance, yet there was something in his bearing which indicated that he was possessed of more than ordinary mental capacity.

He was at the hotel several weeks, with rather a downcast appearance, had but little to say to any one; his wardrobe was quite limited; seemed to have but little money, but sought no means to earn any, and he appeared undecided what to do with himself.

After spending several weeks in a very passive mood, a letter came to the post office for him. After the reception of this letter his demeanor was changed; he assumed an air of cheerfulness; had money to meet his wants; got himself some new clothes; and went into the office of Shuffleton & Gray to study law.

This young man was the only son of a very respectable and wealthy family of New Hampshire; had been a member of Dartmouth College; and advanced to his junior year. One night, in company with some of his schoolmates, he visited a farmer's watermelon patch, and while helping themselves to a few melons, the farmer caught them, reported them to the college fac-

ulty, and they were publicly reprimanded before their schoolmates. They considered this to be severe punishment for the offence, and became very much incensed at the farmer, for informing on them. The farmer had on his premises a very fine grist mill. The boys, to have revenge, went one night, hoisted the gates, and set the mill to running. There being no one to supply the stones with grain, the mill run till it was very nearly ruined. The perpetrators of this mischief became known; the farmer became very much enraged, and threatened the penalties of the law; the boys became frightened, gathered up in a hurry a few things, and left the college, and the leader in this mischief did not stop his flight till he got to Fairfield.

He had left the east without the knowledge of his parents, and with but little means, which was the occasion of his destitute appearance and dejected demeanor when he first came to the place.

But as soon as he advised his father of his locality, he supplied his wants. This young man's name was Ezra Drown.

Drown was an apt scholar, a close student, and in an unusually short time after commencing the study of law was admitted to the bar. He was not very scrupulous as to what he did to accomplish his ends; but he was of a popular, pleasing turn, and had the faculty of ingratiating himself into the good feelings of those with whom he associated, and made many warm friends.

After he was admitted to the bar he became the editor of the democratic paper at Fairfield, and he gained much notoriety for his sarcasm and wit. Soon after he commenced his editorial career, Moses Black was a candidate for county judge. About that time the abolitionists got up an organization in the county, and it was supposed they had the balance of power, and Black was in favor or against this party, just as he thought would make him votes. Drown took about a square of type which had been knocked into pi, and put it into his

paper, and headed it, "These are Judge Black's principles." He was for several years prosecuting attorney for the county, and discharged the duties of his office with much ability.

Drown, in his personal appearance, his disposition, and ways, was a second Sir John Falstaff. Though he did not have the merry wives of Windsor with whom to while away his leisure hours, he found others who were nearly their peers.

At one time Col. A., his wife, and Drown, started in a carriage together for Fort Des Moines, to witness the payment of the Indians. Mrs. A. was the Colonel's second wife, good looking, several years younger than himself, and fond of gay company. On this journey the Colonel drove, and Mrs. A. and Drown occupied the back seat, their jovial turn making time pass off agreeably. They discussed many schemes of speculation, and some in a tone that was not heard by the Colonel. At the end of the first day's journey it was dark before they reached their stopping place. The Colonel was very fond of good liquor, and soon after they put up for the night Drown proposed that they should go to the saloon and get some refreshments. They went, became jovial and drove away dull care, and the Colonel forgot his duties as a husband, and fell into a profound sleep. Drown, not wishing to expose the weakness of his traveling companion, had him carefully stowed away in the back room of the saloon, but was very particular to return to the tavern for lodgings for himself.

Mr. Colonel enjoyed his bed so well that he did not wake up till a late hour the next morning. At this Drown pretended to be very much displeased, and made grave complaints to his landlord about his livery man imposing upon himself by sending with this team such a trifling driver.

At another time Drown and myself started away in a buggy together, to attend court, and on our way we stopped for the night at the house of Mr. B. B.'s house

was situated in a little grove, at the head of a deep ravine which extended far into the prairie. B. was the first settler in this part of the country, and his house was so located that before public roads were laid out the natural lay of the country caused much travel to pass by that point, which induced him to open a house for public entertainment; and in early times this was quite a noted house, and the resting place for many weary travelers. This house was built of logs. At first it consisted of a story and half, with two rooms below and two above. But his business became such that he needed more room; and he built an addition which was attached to the back part of the main house, of two rooms, with a broad porch. The room next to the main house was occupied as a bed-room, the other for a kitchen—to enter these rooms they had to go from the main part of the house out on to the porch. The entrance to the front and back part of the house was in the same room, which was about eighteen feet square, and was the reception room and the dining room, and contained two beds. B.'s business was so profitable that, besides making a large farm, he was enabled to open quite an extensive store, which was located across the road from the house.

Drown, before starting on the journey, had supplied himself with an unusual quantity of whisky, for what purpose I did not inquire. The fore part of the evening Drown spent with B. at his store. At rather a late hour, after the younger portion of the family had gone to bed, Drown and myself were in the reception room by ourselves, when Mrs. B. came in from the porch, passed leisurely through the room, and went out at the front door; as she went out she turned around and gave Drown a sly wink, which indicated that it was not the first time she had met with him. A few moments after Drown got up and, without saying a word, went out, and I was left to while away the time by myself. I had been by myself but a short time when B. came in from

the store with a lantern in his hand ; apparently had just wakened up from a nap, somewhat under the influence of liquor. He hurriedly cast his eyes around the room, and seeing no one but myself, without saying a word, he went out on to the porch with a light step, he quietly opened and shut the bed-room door, and then walked to and opened the kitchen door. As soon as he opened this door I heard the shuffling of feet, the upsetting of chairs, and in quick succession the rattling of broken glass, and, after a moment's pause, there followed the tramp of feet, as though one person was following in close proximity to another, and both making very rapid strides over the ground. I waited till a late hour for Drown to come to bed, but he did not return ; and I retired for the night.

The next morning I noticed that the sash in the kitchen window had been broken out, and the glass shivered into many pieces, and that Mr. and Mrs. B. maintained a cool reserve to each other ; but I did not ask for any explanation, and none was given. But as soon as breakfast was over I got ready and started on my journey. After traveling about a mile, at a farm house, I found Drown alive and unhurt ; but haggard and pale, as though he had been through some very fatiguing exercise, when I heard a partial history of the previous evening's proceedings.

From Drown's account it appeared he was hungry, and wanted something to eat, and the landlady took him into the kitchen to get a lunch ; they did not take the trouble to light a candle, and while he was enjoying his repast in the dark, suddenly and unexpectedly the room was lit up by B's lantern. The landlord being a little exhilarated, was not as considerate as prudence might have dictated, became very much excited, seized a carving knife and made for Drown.

Drown did not have time for explanation, but to escape the danger of the carving knife, flourishing in the hands of a drunken man, with deadly threats, made a

bound through the window, and B. in quick succession, with the knife in his hand, followed, and then a lively foot race ensued.

It was escape or death with Drown, and he called into requisition every possible effort to quicken his speed; it being warm weather, the sweat poured off of him profusely,

“And he larded the lean earth as he walked along,”

so much so that the next morning he looked as though he had been through a severe spell of sickness.

In the fall of 1849 I had occasion to meet some parties in Dickey's parlor. Just about the time they left Drown came in. After a little conversation, I threw myself on a lounge, and Drown picked up the newspaper, seated himself in the rocking chair, raised his feet upon the table, and went to reading. I had fallen into a gentle snooze, when I was startled by the sharp, angry tones of Miss Adeline Dickey's voice.

Miss Adeline had prepared the parlor for some private company for that evening; everything had been put in the nicest order; and a clean cloth spread over the table, on which Drown had put his feet. She had arrayed herself in her best apparel, and had come to the room to await her expected company, when she discovered that the dirt from Drown's boots had much soiled the table-cloth. On seeing this she dealt out to him some very severe words, to which Drown said: “Come Ad. don't get in a pet about the table-cloth; really, I did not mean to do it; it was a careless act in me; I am sorry for it; will not do the like again. You look very interesting to-day; suppose we kiss and make up friends;” and with a roguish smile on his face, advanced towards her.

Adeline (quite pettish) said:—Mr. Drown, sir, I do not allow any gentleman to take such liberties with me.

Drown (assuming a serious air) replied:—“Now, Miss Adeline, don't get angry because I proposed to kiss you,

I did not mean to insult you, for really there is no girl living that I think as much of as I do of you, and have been thinking for some time of proposing marriage — what do you say to our getting married ? ”

Adeline (becoming calm) — “ Well, Ezra, maybe I might marry you, but you shall not kiss me.”

Just at this time some persons came in, and this chit-chat was stopped.

A short time after this, I had occasion to go to Indiana, and on my return home, when I landed at St. Louis, I met on the wharf, William Alston, from Fairfield, who had come down to buy goods. As I came up to him, I said : Well, Billy, is there any news from home ? To which he replied : Drown and his wife came down on the boat with me, on their wedding tour.

You say Drown and his wife — to whom has he got married ?

To my inquiry Alston replied — Ad. Dickey.

Alston's word, in business matters, was not to be questioned ; but he was fond of a joke, and if he could play a hoax upon a person he would not stop to accompany his yarn with many fictions. I thought of the chit-chat in the parlor about two weeks previous, and then of Alston's sportive propensities. When I said to him : “ Billy, are you in earnest ? ” his reply was : “ Certainly I am ; they have just taken a hack to go up to the hotel.” I parted with Alston, went up into the city, and put up at Barnum's. I here carefully looked over the register, but found no name that I knew. After a little delay I went to the Planters' House, and here I found written in the register : “ Capt. E. Drown and lady, U. S. A., Iowa.”

When I saw the title attached to Drown's name, I said to myself : Sold — Billy has caught me this time ; this is Drown — Capt. Drown — but not our Fairfield Drown. I was about to leave without further investigation, but on second thought I concluded to find out who this Capt. Drown was, and sought his room. As I

came to his number I found a negro servant standing sentinel at the door. I inquired if this was Mr. Drown's room. I was answered in the affirmative, but was told that Capt. Drown had given orders not to admit any person, but if any one wished to see him to inform him that when convenient he would meet him in parlor No. 2. I wrote on a piece of paper :

"To Capt. E. Drown, U. S. A.

CHARLES NEGUS,
Of Fairfield, Iowa,"

gave it to the servant and told him to give it to Capt. Drown, and went down to parlor No. 2 to await the result. After a few minutes delay in came Drown, dressed in the most tasteful style, in a new suit, but not a military uniform. I addressed him: "Good day Drown; I am glad to see you; I learn that you have got to be Captain. Of how many does your command consist, of one or more; and what kind of a uniform do your subordinates wear, tight coats or petticoats; please to explain." With rather an air of surprise he replied: "Where the d—l did you get that notion into your head, to ask me such a question?" My reply was: "I see in your own hand writing on the hotel register, the name of Capt. E. Drown, so I suppose you are entitled to that rank." Drown appeared to be a little disconcerted, but soon replied: "Now look here Charley, you recollect the little chit-chat me and Ad. had in the parlor; well we met the next evening and made it a matter of business, and quick work at that, and Ad. and I have got married, came down here on a little pleasure excursion, and to give myself a little importance, I registered my name as you have seen it; but look her; don't say anything about it in the city or to the people about Fairfield. They think at the hotel here I am of some consequence; as you see, they have assigned me, for my own special use, a servant."

Drown returned to his room and brought down his wife. In their physical organization and mental turn

there was a striking similarity between the two; they were devoted to each other, and were a well matched pair in every respect.

After a short social interview I left the hotel and the next day started for home. But Drown remained in the city about two weeks, during which time he put on military style and visited the principal places in the city, and was treated with that respect due to the rank of Captain in the regular army. This was in accordance with his notions and desire, but it drew rather heavily on his finances, and a little more than his means justified.

Drown had been appointed Administrator of the estate of Thomas H. Gray, and had the assets in his possession, and to meet the expenses of his wedding tour had to draw heavily on the trust fund. Shortly after his return he was called upon to make a settlement, and to make his accounts balance forged a receipt for a large amount, swore to his statement and it was approved. The party on whom the receipt was forged lived at a distance, and it was some time before the truth of this transaction was known, but it was found out, Drown was returned to the grand jury on indictment for forgery and another for perjury was presented against him. At this he assumed an air of indifference, but he evidently was annoyed at these proceedings. He had acquired a reputation of being rather careless about court papers, and sometimes important documents were missing when it was for his interest they should be. Soon after these indictments were presented the clerk's office was broken open, and the place where indictments were usually kept thoroughly searched, but those papers were not found, and nothing was taken from the office. Suspensions were aroused as to the cause of this depredation but there was no proof. The clerk had taken the precaution to remove these indictments from their usual place of keeping and had put them under lock and key at his own house.

Caleb Baldwin and Samuel Clinton were co-partners in the law business, and Baldwin at this time was prosecuting attorney, and he had taken the forged receipt and affidavit into his own custody for safe keeping.

I was retained as Drown's counsellor, and he was industrious in devising ways and means of defence, but of all his plans proposed there were doubts of success with the positive proof that would be produced, and as the time for trial drew near, Drown became very uneasy and anxious as to the result. The evening before the case came on for trial, Drown came to my office for consultation about another case in which he was interested.

Clinton and Baldwin were the attorneys on the other side and had the papers in the case. We wanted them for examination, and Drown went to their office to get them. He found Clinton alone busily engaged. Drown asked for the papers; Clinton, being busy, without much precaution, hastily took the papers from their place of keeping, handed them over to Drown, and he immediately returned to my office.

When he came back I was busily engaged in writing and, without saying a word, he took a seat and commenced looking over the bundle. All at once Drown sprang from his seat, upset his chair, made a bound so high that when he came down on the floor it shook the whole room, and he cried out with a tremendous voice: "Eureka! Eureka!" (I have found them.)

This sudden freak at first rather frightened me. I could not imagine what had happened. I quickly dropped my pen, and rather excitedly asked, "What is the matter with you, Drown? Are you crazy?" He quickly advanced towards me and held up before my face some papers, and being very much excited, he exclaimed: "Look here!" I cast my eyes at the papers and saw at once that he held in his hand the alleged forged receipt and affidavit to his settlement in the estate of Gray. As soon as I saw what they were I said, "Look here, old fellow, where did you get them docu-

ments?" He replied, "Why, they were with the papers Clinton gave me." After a few moments pause, Drown very gravely remarked, "I think this room is getting rather cold; we ought to have a better fire," and then quickly advanced towards the stove, opened the door, threw the papers into the stove upon the glowing coals, made a step back and then stopped, and intensely fixed his eyes in silence upon the fire in the open stove.

At first there was seen a kind of white thick smoke rising from the papers, and making its way up the stove-pipe; then followed a bright flash of flames, the legible parts of the paper soon disappeared and left a thin scum which soon settled down among the coals. When Drown saw the last vestige of the papers dissolve into fine ashes, he broke the silence by exclaiming, "D—m you! I guess you will not be a witness against me any more," and a joy flashed across his countenance as though he had the assurance that he was now safe from the vengeance of his persecutors. The next morning the cases of the State of Iowa *vs.* Ezra Drown, were called. Drown came into court apparently very much dejected, bore the air of laboring under much anxiety, and was very particular in having those rejected from the jury he thought were prejudiced against him. The jury was impaneled. Baldwin made his opening statement which was replied to in behalf of the defendant. The first testimony to be introduced was the forged receipt and affidavit.

Baldwin took out from his satchel a bundle, and began to look for those papers, but his eyes did not meet with the superscription; a flush of redness and marks of confusion came over his face. He went over the bundle again and again, and carefully undid and examined every paper. By this time the eyes of the judge and all in the court-room were fixed upon him. After a few moments of earnest look, the judge said: Mr. Baldwin, proceed with your case. Now comes a tug of mental war. The prosecutor resorted to every possible means to save his case, but the affidavit and the forged receipt

were indispensable and could not be found. Both cases were abandoned, the jury discharged, and Drown released to go and do as he pleased.

He immediately left the court-room accompanied by a large number of friends who bestowed upon him their warm congratulations. There was much speculation about what had become of the lost papers, but among all the surmises no one ever accused Drown of having anything to do with their disappearance.

At the time of the great excitement about the discovery of gold in California, Dickey had disposed of his hotel for other property, and he went across the mountains and left his business in the care of Drown, and being pleased with the country gave directions to have his property sold, and for his family to come to him.

Drown's shortcomings, and particularly his acts in settling up the estate of Gray, had very much prejudiced public opinion against him, so much so that it was not very desirable for him to stay in the vicinity of Fairfield, and he concluded to accompany Mrs. Dickey. Drown had become the father of an interesting child, and he, with his wife and child, Mrs. Dickey and her younger son, all started for California in the spring of 1854, by water.

The steamer they took on the Pacific was wrecked; Mrs. Dickey was taken off the wreck in a life boat, young Dickey floated ashore on a chicken-coop, Drown put his wife in what he supposed would be a safe place for a short time, seized his child by its clothes with his teeth and swam ashore with it, deposited it in safe keeping, and then went back to the wreck for his wife, but when he got back she was not to be found; in the confusion some one had jostled her from the place he left her into the boisterous deep. Her form never met his vision any more—she found a watery grave.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF POTTAWATTAMIE COUNTY.

BY. D. C. BLOOMER.

(Continued from page 119.)

THE board of supervisors convened on the 1st of January, 1872. It consisted of A. M. Battelle, chairman; J. R. Reed, J. C. Layton, Simeon Wright, and J. B. Blake. The bonds of the new county officers were approved, and John Bennett took his post as auditor and clerk of the board, E. G. Sears being his assistant. Samuel Haas, Thomas Officer, and J. R. Reed, were appointed directors of the poor for the year. Joseph Moss was appointed deputy sheriff; H. P. Warren, deputy treasurer; and J. R. Reed, county attorney. The *Non-pariel*, *Times*, and *Avoca Delta* were authorized to publish the proceedings of the board.

No important business was transacted at the January session beyond the settlement with county officers, the hearing of the usual number of road applications, and the allowance of accounts against the county.

At the September session of the board, the new township of Belknap was created, comprising township 75, range 40, with the exception of one row of sections on the eastern side attached to Center township. The old name of James was retained by township 76, range 40.

At the October election 24 votes were polled in Belknap and 20 in James township. The total county and state tax levied this year by the board was sixteen mills.

The township of Neola was organized at the June session of the board; it consists of township 77, ranges 41 and 42; is twelve miles long from east to west by six miles wide from north to south. Musketo creek runs diagonally very nearly through the center from north-east to south-west, the line of the Chicago, Rock Island,

and Pacific railroad passing along its valley. The village of Neola is situated very near the center of the township. The surface is composed of undulating prairie, well watered but almost entirely destitute of timber. The soil is very fertile and is being parceled out into excellent farms by the steady tide of emigration that is coming into the country.

In January agricultural products were quoted at the following prices: Wheat, 95 cents to \$1; corn, 20 cents; oats, 21 to 25 cents; barley, 35 to 45 cents; and butter 25 to 30 cents.

The winter was regarded as a very cold one, the thermometer frequently being down below zero.

The funeral of M. L. McPherson was attended on the 2d of January from the Methodist church, he having died in St. Louis on the 29th of December. The deceased was a prominent lawyer, and at the time of his death held the office of prosecuting attorney for the third judicial district. He was a native of North Carolina, but emigrated to Iowa at an early day, and had been a member of the state senate, a presidential elector in 1860, and paymaster, with the rank of major during the war. His remains were borne to the grave by the members of the Pottawattamie county bar. Col. D. B. Dailey, of Council Bluff, was appointed to the office made vacant by the decease of Maj. McPherson.

Early on the morning of the 11th of January the Pacific House was discovered to be on fire; the inmates were hastily aroused from their slumbers, and all succeeded, though with much difficulty, in making their escape from the building. A strong wind was blowing and the fire made rapid progress, but through the active and intelligent exertions of the firemen it was checked, after burning the north-western portion of the building. A steamer from Omaha arrived to assist in subduing the flames, but not until after they had been effectually checked. The loss to Mr. S. S. Baylis, the owner of the building, was about \$15,000, mainly covered by

insurance, and to Dr. Bragg, the lessee, about \$8,000, also largely insured. Several merchants in adjoining buildings removed their goods, but their damages were mostly made up by the insurance companies. A number of boarders at the hotel suffered severely from being so suddenly turned out of doors.

On the 24th of January Sherman Brown was shot in Rockford township, by John S. Goss, and died about a week thereafter. The parties were neighbors, but a bitter feud had existed between them for some time. Goss was arrested and indicted for murder, and had his trial in the following year before the district court, when he was acquitted, the jury returning a verdict of not guilty.

The contest over the election of United States senator by the general assembly, excited a great deal of interest here, and at least half a dozen of the citizens of Council Bluffs spent several days at Des Moines urging the claims of their favorite candidates. Judge Caleb Baldwin and his brother, John T. Baldwin, took opposite sides in the question, the former supporting Mr. Allison with great zeal, and the latter just as anxious that Mr. Harlan should succeed. This gave rise to a good many amusing anecdotes among their respective friends. One of them was to the effect that the Judge, on being requested by Mr. Harlan to help him through the struggle, replied that he could not do so as he had promised Mr. Allison his assistance, but added, consolingly, "my brother, John T., will be over in a day or two and he will give you a lift."

Early in this month the subject of dividing the county began to be earnestly discussed throughout the eastern towns. The first public meeting, to promote the object, was held at Bird's school house, in James township. J. A. T. Bates was chairman, and J. B. Harrod and David Hunt, secretaries. Addresses were delivered by A. M. Battelle, J. C. Layton, C. V. Gardner, J. L. Fetler, and Josiah True, and strong resolutions in favor of a division were adopted. A memorial to the legislature in favor

of the measure was prepared and generally signed. It was proposed that the new county should comprise a strip eighteen miles in width from east to west, taken from the eastern end of Pottawattamie county, and containing twelve government townships, being twenty-four miles in length from north to south. A bill for its erection, under the name of Belknap, was introduced into the General Assembly of 1872, but was defeated. Such a bill, submitting the question to the voters of the whole county, was enacted at the session of 1874, and will be passed upon by them in October of this year.

On the first of February Mr. Nehemiah Baldwin entered upon his duties as register of the United States land office in Council Bluffs. His predecessor, Mr. Sylvanus Dodge, had died while holding the office on the 24th day of December preceding. He had formerly resided in Salem, in the state of Massachusetts, where he held important public offices, and exercised a large and salutary influence in the community. For the last six years he had resided in Council Bluffs, and maintained the reputation of a pure and worthy citizen. He had held the office of register of the land office for nearly three years.

The work on the Union Pacific bridge across the Missouri river went steadily forward during the winter, and was completed early in the spring. The first passenger car drawn by an engine from the Union Pacific road crossed the bridge on the 22d of March and moved eastward to the depot of the Rock Island railroad where its advent was witnessed by a large number of the citizens of Council Bluffs.

But previous to this date the question as to how this bridge should be operated had attracted much earnest and serious attention. By the citizens of Pottawattamie county, and, indeed, by the state generally, it was claimed that the Union Pacific company should operate its road across the bridge as one continuous line to its initial or starting point at Council Bluffs. The corpor-

ate authorities of that city had paid for the right of way for the road for a distance of over a mile and a half inside their corporate limits, and claimed that a contract existed with the company by which it was bound to so operate its road. The General Assembly of the state had early taken action on the subject, and on the 26th of February, 1872, had, by a unanimous vote of both houses, prohibited the railroad terminating at Council Bluffs from making any transfers of freight, passengers, or express matters to or with any other railroad company at or near such terminus, either by delivering or receiving the same, at any other place than in the state of Iowa at or near the point at which the railroad, extending to the state of Iowa, terminates, and providing severe penalties for any violation of this law.

But the directors of the Union Pacific company took a different view of the situation, claiming first, that they had entered into a contract with the city of Omaha, and the county of Douglass in Nebraska, by which the former was made the starting point for all their western bound trains, and the place for the transfer of freights and passengers. Second, that the Union Pacific bridge was an independent and separate property from the remainder of this road, and for the construction of which a distinct class of bonds had been issued, and insisting therefore, thirdly, that the Iowa railroads should run their cars across the bridge, paying to the Union Pacific a reasonable compensation for that privilege, and thus making actual points for the transfer of freights and passengers to and from these different roads, in the state of Nebraska.

On the 12th of March a meeting of all the superintendents of the Iowa roads was held in Council Bluffs, at which the determination was arrived at, and announced to the superintendent of the Union Pacific, that their roads terminated at Council Bluffs, both in law and in fact, and that their cars would not run westward from that city, and of course would not cross the Union Paci-

fic bridge. This resolution was firmly adhered to by these roads, and it seemed as though a hiatus of about two miles would occur in the line of travel across the continent, and in fact the old mode of transfer by steamboat across the river did actually continue for several days after the bridge was completed and ready for use.

To end this difficulty a transfer train was started by Mr. Sickles, superintendent of the Union Pacific, which runs over the bridge, and conveys passengers and freight from the terminus of the Iowa roads in Council Bluffs to the starting point of the former road on the west side of the river. The toll or fare charged on this train is fifty cents for each passenger and \$10 for each loaded freight car. It is a very inconvenient arrangement for the public, as well as an expensive one. It renders necessary the transfer of all passengers, from car to car, and also the moving in the same way of all baggage, mail, express, and a large portion of the freight, on the arrival of each train from the east or west. Earnest efforts have been made to secure its discontinuance, and induce the company to run its trains to the initial point of the road, as established by law, in Council Bluffs, but thus far without success.

The reasons for this course are quite apparent to persons conversant with the subject. From the excessive tolls collected for crossing the bridge, a handsome income is derived by the company, and at the same time certain important local interests in the city of Omaha are greatly promoted.

The question is far from being a local one, and has largely attracted the attention of the whole country, and congress must at an early day decide whether this gigantic corporation, which has received such liberal assistance from the general government, shall forever continue to impose this heavy burden and these vexatious delays upon the business, commerce and travel passing over its road.

The locality where the transfer of freight and passengers between the Iowa roads and the Union Pacific is situated in the southwestern part of Council Bluffs. It speedily grew into importance. Long platforms were erected by the Iowa roads for the transaction of their business; offices were opened by each of them for the sale of tickets, and telegraph wires extended to them. The Union Pacific built a covered platform over eight hundred feet in length; also, a good sized hotel, and a round house, and opened ample cattle yards. The city erected bridges, opened a good road, and laid down a wide sidewalk, and the track of the horse railroad was changed so as to run to the same point. The cars on the latter are, on their arrival at the transfer grounds, attached to a dummy engine on the Union Pacific road, and thence taken over the bridge to Omaha, thus making the journey between the two cities both rapid and pleasant.

The city election in April was contested with a great deal of zeal and determination. The republicans, as usual, about ten days before the election nominated a full ticket with Dr. N. D. Lawrence at its head. In opposition to this a people's ticket was formed which was headed by Samuel Haas. Both gentlemen were popular men and spared no efforts to secure an election. The former was successful by 141 majority in a total vote of 1,142. The other officers chosen at the same time were F. A. Burke, recorder; J. W. Morse, city marshal; Jacob Williams, treasurer; Thomas Bowman, assessor, and L. W. Babbitt, C. A. Gould, N. S. Monroe, H. H. Oberholtzer, S. N. Porterfield and T. M. Collins, aldermen. The city council, at its first meeting, appointed J. R. Reed, city attorney, L. P. Judson, city engineer, and Jacob Mithon and Elias Thornton, supervisors. During the year Horace Everett and D. C. Bloomer were appointed aldermen to fill vacancies in the board.

At the school election in March John F. Evans and James B. Rue were elected directors without opposition,

and the necessary funds were voted for the support of the schools for the coming year. The total expenditures of the city for schools during the year ending March 1st, were \$37,890.61, of which the sum of \$16,212.50 was paid to teachers.

During the early months of the year a company was organized in Council Bluffs for the erection of a paper mill. The capital stock was fixed at \$25,000 and was nearly all subscribed before work was commenced in March. The first board of directors of the company was composed of Charles Hendrie, R. J. Cory, E. W. Davenport, E. L. Shugart, and S. Farnsworth. The mill was located on Musketo creek, in the southeastern part of the city, and was completed early in the summer, but it had been in operation only a few weeks when it was burned down early on the morning of the 30th of August. Fortunately it was quite largely insured, and with the funds thus saved, together with others raised mainly through the exertions of Mr. Charles Hendrie, the president of the company, the mill was rebuilt in a more substantial manner in 1873, and has (1874) recently again gone into operation.

During the pendency of the city election in April and for a period of about two weeks a small party paper, called the *Evening Star*, was issued by W. R. Vaughan, proprietor, J. H. Keatly being editor. On the 2d of July, Mr. Vaughan, who had previously established a job office and purchased a steam press, issued the first number of the Council Bluffs *Republican*, a daily evening paper of seven columns. For a short time, Council Bluffs enjoyed the luxury of three daily newspapers, viz: the *Nonpareil*, *Republican* and *Times*, the first being issued in the morning and the other two in the afternoon of each day. This proved to be too much of a good thing, and the *Times* was discontinued on the 14th of October, after having been printed about two years and a half, and the daily issues of the *Republican* ceased a month or two later. It has been continued as a weekly paper and is still issued.

The *Council Bluffs Christian Advocate* was commenced early in the spring, Rev. F. P. Bresee, editor; Rand & Knots, publishers. It was a small monthly publication, and is still published, greatly enlarged and improved.

On the evening of May 2d a very successful concert was given at Dohany Hall by Miss Fanny Kellogg, assisted by Mrs. George L. Everett, Mr. Cooper, and several other accomplished musicians. This young lady who had resided in Council Bluffs from childhood, and who was noted for singular grace of person and vivacity of mind, had early shown decided musical ability. This pleasing talent was carefully cultivated and encouraged by her parents, and subsequent years have confirmed the indications of her early youth. She has frequently sung in concerts throughout many towns of the west with the most marked success, and she is now engaged in acquiring a thorough musical education with competent instructors in eastern cities. Her friends confidently predict for her a brilliant career in the musical world.

Much attention has always been given in Council Bluffs to the cultivation of a taste for music in all its varied forms. Mr. Joseph Mueller has for many years been engaged both as an instructor in this delightful art and as a dealer in musical instruments. This year (1872) he removed his store into a fine large building in the post office block, filling it with all classes of goods connected with that branch of business. His sales-room is over one hundred feet in length, and the aggregate amount of sales during the year was very large.

On the 14th of June, about one hundred ladies and gentlemen, representing the Iowa Press Association, passed through Council Bluffs on an excursion to Great Salt Lake City, which had been generously tendered to them by the Union Pacific railroad. The writer of these notes accompanied them on this trip, which proved to be a most delightful one. Leaving Omaha on the afternoon of the 14th, we arrived in Salt Lake City in the evening of the second day thereafter. The ride over

the plains and through the mountains was exciting and exhilarating. The weather was superb and all enjoyed the varied and magnificent scenery, through which the road passes, with the greatest zest. At the Mormon capital a day was spent in visiting the Tabernacle, Camp Douglass, the Warm Springs, where all partook of a luxurious bath in its tepid waters, a visit to Brigham Young, concluding with an evening at the Mormon theatre. The next day was occupied in a ride on a steamboat on Great Salt Lake, and up the tortuous channel of Bear river to the city of Corinne, where our palace cars awaited us on the Central Pacific. Entering these on the morning of the 19th of June, the return trip to Council Bluffs occupied two days, the party separating at the latter point, on the afternoon of the 21st, and proceeding thence to their homes. The journey was one which will long be remembered by all who were so fortunate as to share in its pleasures and excitements.

On the 21st of June the annual commencement of the Council Bluffs High School was held, when six young ladies, viz: Hattie Williams, Mary Warren, Lizzie Oliver, Ida Kirkpatrick, Ingletta Smith, and Verna Reynolds, read their essays and received their diplomas. This closed the school year, which had been marked by good conduct on the part of the pupils, and general faithfulness and zeal among the teachers. The annual appointment of teachers followed soon after. A number of changes were made in the list, and nearly all the graduates from the High School were employed by the school board to engage in the work of instruction for the ensuing year.

The 4th of July was celebrated in Council Bluffs by a display of fast trotting and running on the grounds of the Agricultural Society, or in other words, by a big horse race. This trial of speed was under the charge of the officers of the County Agricultural Society, or at least a part of them. There was a large crowd on the grounds, over 2,800 tickets being sold. The Fire De-

partment was present and made a very creditable display. There were four "trials," both in running and trotting, and considerable money changed hands as the results of the races were decided. The best time made in trotting was 2:40. A considerable number of citizens also assembled in Glendale, and had a dinner and speeches in a quiet way, the former being brought on the ground in baskets.

On the morning of the 16th of August the extensive furniture store of J. A. Eno, on Main street, in Council Bluffs, was burned, together with several other buildings. The loss on his stock was \$7,000; insured to nearly double that amount. The building was totally destroyed. It was owned by A. S. Bryant, whose loss was about \$8,000; no insurance. The other sufferers by the fire were: Wm. Meyer, \$1,500; J. Phifer, \$1,500; S. W. Ross, \$200. A heavy rain, which came on while the fire was still burning, saved a number of other buildings. Among those destroyed was the one formerly occupied by the Congregational church, and erected in 1854. The fire was clearly the work of an incendiary, and was afterwards the subject of protracted investigation in the courts of the county, but no evidence could be found to point out the guilty party.

On the 5th of August, the First National Bank of Council Bluffs was robbed of \$20,000 in currency. The money was taken sometime between 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when the safe was opened by the cashier, Mr. S. Farnsworth, and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the money was first discovered to be gone. The cashier had been in the bank alone during a portion of the day, and the robbery was supposed to have been accomplished while he was engaged in waiting on customers at the counter, the thief entering through a back door and reaching the safe unperceived, and making his exit without attracting any attention. The money was not known to have ever been recovered. A few months subsequent to this time, Mr. John F. Evans was appointed President of the Bank, Mr. Farnsworth continuing to act as cashier.

On the 13th of September, John B. Adams was killed at the depot of the Burlington and Missouri river railroad, while engaged in coupling cars. A short time previous, Peter Anderson, a laborer on the Union Pacific embankment, was run over by the cars near the transfer grounds and killed.

The District Fair for southwestern Iowa, was held in Council Bluffs on the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th of September, on the grounds of the Pottawattamie county Agricultural Society. Great efforts were made by the managers to make it a great success, in which they only partially succeeded. The price of admission to the grounds was fixed at a pretty high figure, which kept away some people. The total gate receipts, however, reached the sum of \$3,670. The weather was unpropitious, being cold and windy a large part of the time. The display of agricultural products was meagre, and the halls devoted to the exhibition were only partially filled. There was a large number of fine cattle on the grounds, some of them being brought from the central and eastern parts of the state. Sheep and swine were also well represented. The portion of the enclosure devoted to agricultural implements also presented a fine appearance, a number of articles from the manufactory of the Council Bluffs agricultural works being on exhibition. The turn-out of fine horses on the grounds was very large, and the trotting and running matches, of which there were a large number, attracted great attention. The best trotting time made was 2:30 $\frac{1}{4}$, by a horse from St. Louis. On the third day an address was delivered by Hon. John Scott, of Story county. The Olmstead zouaves, a military company from Des Moines, were on the grounds, and made a very creditable display. None of the premiums awarded were paid, except on horses, and indeed no complete list of them was ever published. During the continuance of the fair, the ladies of the Episcopal church had a booth on the ground for the sale of refreshments, the net proceeds of which were donated to the church.

Early this year, very general attention was attracted towards the new southern railroad, proposed to be constructed from the Mississippi river to the Pacific. Gen. Dodge, of Council Bluffs, was appointed its chief engineer. The confidence in which he was held, together with the general dullness in the labor market and in business which prevailed, induced a great many engineers, contractors, merchants, mechanics, laborers and speculators to embark in this new enterprise. Probably several hundred of these classes left the county for Texas during the season. Some of these took their families along as fall approached, among whom was Gen. Dodge himself, who had his residence in Marshal during one winter. For the first fifteen months all went on prosperously. Employment and fair wages were secured for all those who were willing to work, or engage in any way in building the road.

The Young Men's Christian Association, of Council Bluffs, maintained a missionary and also a free reading room; the latter was conveniently located on Pearl street, was well stocked with the newspapers and magazines, and rapidly increased in public favor. At a meeting held on the last Sunday evening in August, in Dohany's Hall, over \$1,000 was raised for the benevolent purposes of this organization. Later in the year a lecture course was organized under its auspices, and a course of six excellent lectures delivered during the following winter by B. F. Taylor, President Magoon, Col. Sanford, Mrs. Scott Siddons, Frederick Douglass, and W. A. McMasters. A. W. Street was president and E. E. Harkness secretary of the association.

The Congregational Association for southwestern Iowa was held in Council Bluffs, commencing on the 25th of October. It had been first organized in 1854, in a log cabin in the same city by three ministers, viz: Rev. G. B. Hitchcock, Rev. G. G. Rice and Rev. John Todd. The two latter were present at the meeting this year, the Association having grown to consist of twenty-five cler-

gymen. It continued in session during three days, transacting much interesting business. Rev. H. W. Haywood, of Magnolia, was moderator.

On the 16th of October, the barn of Mr. William Merwherter, in Walnut township, was destroyed by fire, together with a large amount of property stored in it. The total lost to Mr. M., who was one of the oldest and most industrious farmers in the county, was about \$3,000. Other farmers lost quite heavily from prairie fires this fall, which proved to be more than usually destructive. Among these were Mr. Nelson Lewis and A. L. Swigert in Kane township.

The political canvas in the county this year, although a president was to be elected, was an exceedingly languid one. Both parties formed clubs, rented halls and had occasional meetings, but the attendance upon them was limited and very little enthusiasm was evolved. The Republicans of the county were almost unanimous in favor of the nomination of Col. Wm. F. Sapp for congress in this district, but at the congressional convention held on the 1st of August, the choice fell upon Judge James W. McDill, of Union county, and he was subsequently elected by a very large majority. The opposition at first nominated W. H. M. Pusey for the same position, and he would undoubtedly have made a strong candidate, but he was compelled to decline on account of private business, and his place on the ticket was taken by W. W. Merritt, of Montgomery county. For the office of District judge, the names of J. R. Reed and L. W. Ross, both of Council Bluffs, were presented to the convention, but the former was nominated, although the latter received the vote of his own county. The fact that first choice of the Republicans of the county for each of these two important offices was rejected by the nominating convention, had rather a depressing effect upon the action of the party throughout the canvass, although both of the successful candidates received a full party vote. E. E. Aylesworth, of Council Bluffs, was

supported by the opposition for circuit judge and run handsomely ahead of his ticket in the county. His opponent was J. R. Stockton, and was elected. Judge McDill, immediately on being nominated for Congress, resigned his position as Circuit judge, and J. R. Reed the candidate for the office for the next term, and for which he was in November elected, was appointed to fill the vacancy. The only county officers filled this fall, were recorder and clerk of the courts, and for these positions E. P. Brown and R. T. Bryant, both Republicans, were elected over D. F. Eicher and J. H. Mathews, supported by the opposition. The fall vote of the county was, Grant 1451, Greeley 1148, O'Connor 37. In Kane township Grant received 689, Greeley 685, O'Connor 11, A. M. Battelle and B. W. Hight were at the same election, elected supervisors over J. M. Talbot and Peter Bechtelle, the opposing candidates. During the fall, Fitz Henry Warren, John A. Kasson, Gov. Kirkwood and W. B. Allison delivered addresses.

The most effective speech that was made during the canvass, was delivered by Mrs. Matilda Fletcher to a crowded assembly in the court house. This lady, a resident of Council Bluffs, had, by singular perseverance and energy, won for herself a prominent place among the lady lecturers of the country. Her first public addresses were clothed in poetic language, but throwing these aside, she boldly launched out upon the discussion of the most important questions in sober prose. Possessed of a well formed person, a healthy constitution, a pleasing address and more than ordinary powers of effective elocution, her appearance in the political arena called forth the largest gatherings of the campaign in Iowa as well as in other states, and secured the most flattering testimonials from the public press.

On the 5th of November an altercation occurred at Henry Creek station in Rockyford township, between James McMillen and Alfred Fraser, in relation to an election bet in the course of which the latter struck the former a severe blow on the head with his fist, from the

effects of which McMillen died almost instantly. Fraser was arrested and afterwards indicted for manslaughter, but on the trial was acquitted by the jury.

A fine educational institution was erected in the fall in Council Bluffs, as a school for girls under the charge of the sisters of charity connected with the Roman catholic church. It is situated in the southwestern part of the city. The main building is 27 by 56 feet, with a wing 18 by 24 feet, all of brick, two stories in height. It cost, with the lots, about \$8,000, and the school was opened during the winter in charge of the sisters. It is intended as both a day and boarding school. The catholics also about the same time established a boys' school, thus withdrawing their children almost entirely from the public schools of the city.

Council Bluffs was this year largely infested with gamblers, and all the efforts of the police officers were unable to suppress them. The three-card monte trick was the most common device by which they operated on the unwary. They infested the railroad trains also, and every few days some unlucky traveler on the cars, or transient sojourner at the hotels was induced to invest his money on the turn of a card and of course always lost. Having secured the money they would frequently return a part to their victims, on condition that they would not "squeal," that is, inform on the scoundrels, and in this way they most generally escaped detection.

Modern spiritualism found many followers in the county, among whom were some of the best and most substantial citizens. They held regular meetings and numerous lectures were delivered by its advocates. In September they organized themselves into a permanent society, adopted a constitution, and elected as officers, S. H. Riddle, president, A. Sundy vice-president and F. S. Powel, secretary.

In December the market reports in the *Avoca Delta*, gave the prices of farming products as follows: Wheat, 85c; corn, 13c; oats, 15c; live hogs, \$3.00 per hundred, Council Bluffs prices were but little in advance of these. A very large crop of corn was raised in the county.

amounting in the aggregate to about 1,614,249 bushels, as shown by the census returns taken the following spring. The number of bushels of wheat harvested in 1872 was 323,174, and of oats 239,249. The year 1872 was regarded as a dull year in business matters. Times were said to be hard and money scarce. The low price of produce largely contributed to this state of things. But the settlement of the county moved steadily forward. A great many new farms were opened and the foundation of future prosperity laid.

The teachers' institute was held the week preceeding Christmas. The weather was intensely cold, but the attendance was very large. It was conducted almost entirely by the teachers themselves, and was one of the best ever held in the county. Mr. Jacobs, the county superintendent presided, and Messrs. Armstrong, Chandler, Massey and Rue among the gentlemen, and Misses Fish and Flynn among the ladies, took an active part in carrying forward the work of instruction. Lectures were delivered during the week by Reverends DeForest, Thickstun, and Cargil and Prof. Hotchkis, of Des Moines.

The epizootic prevailed very extensively during the fall and winter of 1872-3 throughout the county. Nearly every house was more or less effected by it, seriously interfering for a couple of months with business. In Council Bluffs the streets were almost entirely deserted by vehicles for two or three weeks, and the street cars were run by mules. Hand carts were used in conveying goods over the city, and even in some instances to the railroad depots. Great care was taken of the animals and very few fatal cases occurred.

This year was noted in the courts of the county by a great increase of legal business. The district and circuit courts each sat over two months, and the United States district court over four weeks. It seemed impossible for the judges to dispose of all the business placed on their docket. The trials in many cases were severely contested and protracted to several days. The principal law firms were Baldwin & Wright, Clinton, Hart & Brewer, Sapp, Lyman & Hanna, Ross & Daily, and Mont-

gomery, Reed & James. Robert Percival, J. H. Ketley, E. A. Aylesworth and E. R. Paige were also prominent attorneys, and the bar of the county was noted for its strength and ability. Col. D. B. Daily discharged the duties of prosecuting attorney, under appointment from the governor, of this judicial district. Judge Douglass retired from the bench of the circuit court at the end of the year. He had earned and possessed the general confidence of the profession.

FORT MADISON.

IN 1806, Gen. Zebulon Pike (who was killed during the war of 1812, at York, in Canada) was ordered by the War Department to ascend the Mississippi from St. Louis to the Falls of St. Anthony and locate the sites of a number of forts for the protection of the frontier at such points as he might think most suitable. In the discharge of this duty he selected Fort Edwards (now Warsaw), Fort Madison, Fort Armstrong (Rock Island), Fort Crawford (Prairie du Chien), and Fort Snelling, near the Falls of St. Anthony; and five more beautiful locations all must admit could not have been found upon the Mississippi,—Fort Edwards and Fort Madison pre-eminently so. In accordance with his recommendation the forts were built and garrisoned. During the year of 1812 Fort Madison was burnt, from the fact that the provisions gave out, and the well became dry, and the only water to be got was from the river, making it an extremely hazardous undertaking to obtain it, as most of the time the fort was surrounded by hostile Indians, who from their ambush could easily pick off any one who ventured outside the fort. Moreover, a rumor had reached the garrison that the forts above had been taken by the British and Indians, the prisoners butchered, the buildings burnt, and that Fort Madison was to be the next point of attack. Upon the reception of this news, it was decided to burn the fort. The destruction of the building was complete. Nothing remained but the two

tall chimneys, and from them it took its Indian name of "Po-tah-wan-ick," the mention of which now to the Sac or Fox, in his far off home in the Indian Territory, would no doubt recall to his memory the happy days when he pitched his wick-e-op on the banks of the beautiful "Mas-sas-seep-po," and his frail canoe was the only burden borne upon its waters.

For upwards of twenty years these lone chimneys were the only evidences of civilization that marked the spot where Fort Madison now stands. In 1833 the Indian title to the land west of the Mississippi and north of the Des Moines was extinguished, save the half-breed tract lying in the angle of the Mississippi and Des Moines, and a reservation on the Iowa, of about ten miles wide and forty long, and the ever restless frontiersmen began to cross over into the "New Purchase." The principal crossing being at Dubuque in the north, and the "Flint Hills," "Shock-o-kon-Copeech," now Burlington, in the southern part of the "Purchase."

In the winter of 1833 or early in 1834, there were two settlers at Fort Madison, Richard Chaney, a native of Prince George's county, Maryland, born, as he told me, within sight of the "Federal City," as he called Washington, and Peter Williams, a native of either Kentucky or Tennessee, the former I think. He told me that he was residing near Fort Edwards (Warsaw) when the first steamboat ascended the Mississippi, and that he thought it certainly was the destroying angel. About this time John and James Box, with their father, whose Christian name I do not recollect, Hugh Wilson, James Dunn, Lewis Pitman and William Kennedy, settled in the immediate neighborhood. Lewis Pitman's, now West Point, was the most distant white settlement, none being west of his until you came to those of the Spaniards on the Pacific coast.

In the early part of 1834, about the latter part of February, Mr. Knapp, of Quincy, Illinois, Mr. Douglass, of New York, and the writer, then a youth of about sixteen, crossed from Mr. White's, now Appanoose, to Fort Madison on the ice, which having become very rotten,

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—WE publish in this number the Address of the Hon. Henry Clay Dean, on the Philosophy of the History of the Louisiana Purchase, delivered before the Historical Society on the occasion of their last annual meeting. His speech, alternately lighted and shaded by gleams of humor and strains of pathos, thrilled with pleasure a vast audience, as the apt metaphor or learned illustration was drawn from the never-failing springs of his imagination or the exhaustless reservoir of his memory. It was, in short, a wonderful discourse, holding much in utterance necessarily lost in print, but which must stand, as here published, as great among the greatest of American orations.

—AN inquiry was published in these Notes, some months ago, asking the origin of some of the names of Iowa counties, among others that of Louisa. The Hon. Wm. L. Toole, in "Sketches and Incidents relating the Settlement of Louisa county," published in the January No. of the Annals for 1868, page 50, gives the explanations that the name was borrowed from a county of this name in the State of Virginia.

—JOHN CARROLL WALSH, of Hartford county, Maryland, has published in the *Dollar Monthly*, published at Hamilton, Illinois, a historical sketch of Fort Madison, Iowa, of which he was one of the earliest pioneers.

—WE acknowledge the receipt of the *Bulletin* of the Minnesota Academy of Natural Sciences, a pamphlet of 150 pages, containing interesting papers on Ornithology, Geology, the Antiquity of Man and Astronomy, published by the Academy of Natural Sciences, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

—MISS EDNA DEAN PROCTOR composed the dedicatory poem that was read at the fiftieth annual meeting of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

—The article on Fort Madison, by Mr. John Carroll Walsh, which appears in this number, is taken from the *Dollar Monthly*.

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA.

This Society was instituted by the legislature of 1857. An appropriation of \$500 annually was made it in 1860, in furtherance of its objects.

A Library and Cabinet are rapidly accumulating, and the ANNALS OF IOWA is issued quarterly. To gather the rapidly wasting historical material of the state, the Curators of the Society solicit the following contributions:—

1. Old letters, journals, and manuscript statements of pioneer settlers, relative to the early history and settlement of the state, with sketches of prominent citizens of Iowa either living or deceased, and acts relative to the Indian tribes, chiefs, and warriors; and also Indian implements, ornaments, and curiosities.
 2. Newspapers, exchanges, or papers of old and curious print and date, pamphlets, magazines, catalogues of institutions of learning, minutes of ecclesiastical associations, conventions, conferences, and synods, with their origin and history.
 3. Information respecting any ancient coins, or other curiosities, found in the state. Drawing and descriptions of any ancient mounds or fortifications, with articles found in them.
 4. Indian geographical names, names of streams and localities in the state, and their signification.
 5. Books of all kinds, and especially such as relate to American history, travels and biographies in general, and in the West in particular, family genealogies, maps, historical manuscripts, autographs of distinguished persons, coins, medals, paintings, portraits, statues and engravings.
 6. We solicit from historical societies and other learned bodies, that interchange of books and other articles by which the usefulness of institutions of this nature is so much enhanced, pledging ourselves to repay such contributions to the full extent of our ability.
 7. The Society particularly ask the favor of authors and publishers, to present, with autographs, copies of their respective works, for its library.
 8. Editors and publishers of newspapers, magazines, and reviews, will confer a lasting favor on the Society by contributing their publications regularly for its library, or, at least such numbers as may contain articles bearing upon Iowa history, biography geography, or antiquities; all of which will be carefully preserved for binding.
 9. Specimens of conchology, geology, mineralogy, and natural history, relating to Iowa or other regions, are also desired.
- We respectfully request that all, to whom this notice is addressed, will be disposed to give to our appeal a generous response. It is very desirable that donors should forward a specification of books or articles donated and sent to the Society.
- We are making preparations for a Picture Gallery, and have already secured some valuable portraits from distinguished men. We have also many valuable articles for our cabinet of historical curiosities. The Board of Curators meets in the Society's rooms, on the first Wednesday evening of each month.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1874.

The Annals of Iowa.

This is a quarterly publication, and will contain not less than *three hundred and twenty* pages for the year 1874, with complete index at the end of the year, and title page for binding.

Its object is to collect and preserve, in a permanent form, facts connected with the early history of the state. Of the various classes of historical facts, it will be its special endeavor to publish:—

1st. Such as relate to transactions of its early days, which are liable to be soon lost by the passing away of the participants.

2d. Descriptive sketches of localities in the olden time, as their primal features are pictured upon the memory of observers.

3d. Biographical sketches of prominent citizens.

4th. The origin, growth, and development of the *institutions* of the state, with their bearing upon the various interests which have called them into existence.

5th. From time to time such of the hitherto unwritten history of the great war of modern times as relates to the valorous deeds of Iowa's soldiers, practicable for introduction, or which seems necessary to preserve it from passing from the knowledge of men.

6th. Reminiscences of early settlers of every character of facts pertaining to pioneer life.

To aid in the accomplishment of this purpose, contributions are requested of those who have in memory any portion of the early history of the state; and those having material for history, or authentic manuscripts, will confer a favor by forwarding them to the editor.

The price of the publication remains ONE DOLLAR a year, although it is now nearly double the original size when that price was fixed.

It is expected that subscribers will pay this moderate sum IN ADVANCE.

It was commenced in 1863. Back numbers may be obtained, except for the year 1864. That edition is exhausted. The numbers of 1863, bound in paper covers, may be had for \$2.00. Copies for 1865, -66, -67, -68, -69, 1870, 1871, 1872, and 1873 may be had for fifty cents per single copy.

The periodicals and newspapers sent us in exchange are placed on file in the Library Room of the Historical Society, bound as soon as volumes are completed, and will of themselves form a collection for reference such as is possessed by no other institution of the state, and furnish to the future a record of passing events of very great value. Hence editors of all the newspapers and periodicals published within the state are requested to place the ANNALS upon their exchange lists.

All communications and subscriptions may be addressed to

F. LLOYD, *Corresponding Secretary*,

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

Iowa City, Iowa.